

B.A.R.

BAY AREA REPORTER

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Gay Rights Victory

Landmark Ruling for Gay Rights



The protest against Pacific Telephone began in the spring of 1974. Demonstrators staged a Good Friday mock crucifixion, the "victim" carried across from the Tenderloin to phone company offices at Market & 2nd Streets. (Photo by Rink)

The California Supreme Court ruled May 31 that public utilities may not discriminate against homosexuals in employment. The 4 to 3 decision was the culmination of several years of litigation between San Francisco Gays and Pacific Telephone Company.

The suit was originally filed by Gay activist attorney Richard Gayer against Pacific Tele-

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NIGHT ON FIRE

IMPRESSIONS OF BLOODY MONDAY

By Ray P. Comeau

One of the dummies who almost didn't get the word at all, until too late, it was 9:30 or so when I finally flipped on the TV and saw the direct video coverage of tear-gassed demonstrators washing out their eyes in the Civic Center Plaza pool. I'd been out earlier and was, I thought, ready to settle in for the night. When I heard the TV newscaster report that "... thousands of Gays assembled at City Hall protesting. ..." I rushed to the closet, listening as I dressed, the full shock hitting home only when the verdict of voluntary manslaughter for Dan White was mentioned by the TV commentator.

I zipped out the door, out of the building, down Sutter Street and then Polk, examining the faces of passers-by as I went, wanting to shake those who seemed placid, unconcerned: "Did you hear? Do you know what those bastards have done now?"

Reaching McAllister and Polk, I circled through the crowd on the street facing City Hall. I couldn't understand what was going on. A line of people, mostly men, apparently Gay, holding back the rest, angry shouts issuing from both

sides. Beyond the line of restraints, another line — Riot Cops in formation across the sidewalk in front of the damaged City Hall doors. Swirling motion. Indecipherable shouting. Shrill whistles.

Then, a sudden, quick movement behind me — someone hurled something through the air. I looked back and saw other bodies bending backwards, throwing objects up with furious force. I saw the line of cops dip in the middle as the missiles fell, some striking them directly. The crowd oohed and pushed forward and back, like a writhing sea animal.

Then I caught sight of the damaged police car parked at the curb to the left of the line of cops, a well-bent aluminum trashcan sitting like a grotesque cap on its roof.

I examined the people around me. Who were they? They seemed to be everyone. Mostly men, but not all identifiably Gay. Some were: Castro types in plaid-flannel shirts and jeans, men in black leather, faces of others I'd seen before in various Gay places. But there were also young people, of both sexes — straight-

looking kids — white, black, Latino, Asian-American — mostly young people — angry young people. Much like those I'd been with in the anti-Vietnam War demonstrations in Washington, D.C., in the early 70's. They had the same mood of frustration, with no visible human target. In a way it made sense — why they were here stoning City Hall as a symbol of the American political system once again gone awry, just as in Washington when we had marched on the White House (the President out of town), the Capitol Building, the Department of Justice.

Justice?

Why weren't they there, I wondered, at the Hall of Justice on Bryant Street where Dan White likely sat in his cell surrounded by "protective custody"?

Because it had gone beyond that now, beyond the one man. White was now also an evasive symbol, just as the jury members were; a symbol of utter disregard of American justice. Symbols — reflected now in the horror-film-like masked faces of the donish Riot Cops

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The carnage: gutted police cars come to rest in junk lot. (Photo by Tony Plewik)

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Landmark Decision

(Continued from Page 1)

phone and the state Fair Employment Practices Commission. The San Francisco Superior Court dismissed the case, and the Supreme Court took the case for review May 4, 1977.

The ruling was narrower than had been hoped, but the court said plaintiffs could pursue their claims against the phone company in court. At the same time, the court refused the plaintiffs' request that it rule the state's Fair Employment Practices Act against discrimination on the basis of sex also include sexual orientation.

In ruling for the Gay plaintiffs the court pointed to the equal protection clause of the state Constitution which states, "A person may not be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law or denied

equal protection of the laws."

Chief Justice Rose Bird joined Justices Stanley Mosk, Frank Newman and Mathew Tobriner in delivering a victory for Gay rights. Tobriner, who wrote the majority decision, concluded, "The California constitutional equal protection guarantee (is) violated when a privately-owned public utility, which enjoys a state-protected monopoly or quasi-monopoly, utilizes its authority arbitrarily to exclude a class of individuals from employment opportunities."

The original lawsuit will be returned to Superior Court for trial. Don Knutson of Gay Rights Advocates and a professor of law at USC's Law School will share the action with attorney Gayer. Knutson is confident Gays will prevail.

Legal observers say that the implications of the decision are far-reaching despite the narrowness of the ruling. Attorney David Moon said that though

the decision itself applies to public utilities and state agencies, the ruling has "clearly left open the possibility that it would extend to private employers."

Two months ago Governor Jerry Brown issued a proclamation banning discrimination against Gays in all state agencies. The ban will now extend to public utilities. Knutson believes the ruling the most important decision in the field of Gay rights litigation to date.

He told S.F. Examiner reporter K. Connie Kang that it was the first decision by a high court in the nation to accord Gays the constitutional protections given to other minority groups. The ruling also recognizes Gays as a legitimate and recognizable "class of individuals." Heretofore Gay rights had often been excluded from civil rights legislation and agency rulings because they hadn't been classified as a class.

Justice Tobriner in his 53-page opinion had far-reaching observations on the struggle for Gay rights. He pointed to the state Labor Code which contains provisions forbidding employers from trying to influence employees' "political activities." He wrote, "the struggle of the homosexual community for equal rights must be recognized" as a political activity — particularly in the area of employment.

Local Gay rights lawyers hailed the decision as a major victory. Said one, "This is the

first appellate tribunal to grapple with the issue."

The next step for Gay rights will be to persuade the Legislature to amend the Fair Employment Practices Act to include sexual orientation.

Several bills have already

been introduced into the Senate and Assembly including one by Senator Milton Marks (R-SF) and another by Assemblyman Art Agnos (D-SF). The court's ruling in recognizing the legitimacy of the Gay rights struggle should serve as a strong incentive to move the bills along.

Night on Fire

(Continued from Page 1)



Like the Renaissance palazzos it copies, City Hall withstood the assaults of the night of May 21. Plywood sheets cover the broken glass doors and windows. (Photo by Tony Plewlik)

liked together across the street, standing there in silent terror with big sticks held in nervous fists. Who were they? Were they people? Were they really people? They ducked and danced when things got lobbed at them over the heads of the crowd. But you couldn't see their faces. They all looked alike. They all looked like Dan White must have looked when he had been a cop. They were symbols. Symbols of what?

People in the crowd shouted: "Fascists! Fascists!" as the line of Riot Cops swelled outward for a brief moment when one was struck with a piece of flying debris. Uneasily, they fell back into their even line.

I moved away, weaving along through the crowd, each of whom — while part of the whole — seemed strangely alone out there, disconnected. Aliens all.

★ ★ ★

I crossed to a small grassy place at the front of City Hall to the left of the front doors. I hopped up on the wall to get a better view. The old corduroy trousers I had chosen to wear especially for the occasion since I wished to be appropriately dressed for a civil disturbance, tore at the seat seam. I touched behind me, glad I'd thought (for a change) to wear Jockey shorts.

★ ★ ★

As I looked down, I now noticed that the line of civilian restrainers had disappeared. Now everyone looked the same, those there for violence and those there to prevent it.

A few of the crowd moved in tentatively on the single parked police car at the curb, stoning, kicking, striking at it. Another symbol. Someone heaved the

trashcan down, backed off and then hurled it back up onto the roof of the car. Everyone whooped with delight. The Riot Cops seemed to turn and make a vague movement towards the car. Or did I just imagine it? It was quick, whatever it was, and the roar of fury from the protesters who had also sensed it, following as it did immediately after their joy at the trashcan tossing, forced the cops back. They resumed their stone-like position, nightsticks held protectively in front of their bodies.

Some of the more energetic demonstrators now began kicking the car, knocking dents into the sides and doors. Someone smashed through one of the windows, then another. Someone lit something and threw it into the car. Grey smoke drifted softly out of the broken windows. Then flames erupted as the back seat ignited. Roar of approval. Applause.

I slipped down off the wall. A new flurry of things being thrown against City Hall accompanied the burning of the car. I spotted an empty wine bottle in an open space between the bushes. I lifted and threw it, then moved away quickly. (A small gesture on the part of an otherwise devout coward.)

Soon black smoke issued out of the windows of the cop car. More whistles. More applause. A siren sounded off to one side. A Fire Department hook-and-ladder crept around the corner from McAllister. A swarm of demonstrators broke from the main body and surged towards it, moving between the truck and the burning police car. "Hold them back!" someone shouted. Bodies slipped up onto the front bumper and hood. The truck halted, siren slowing like the

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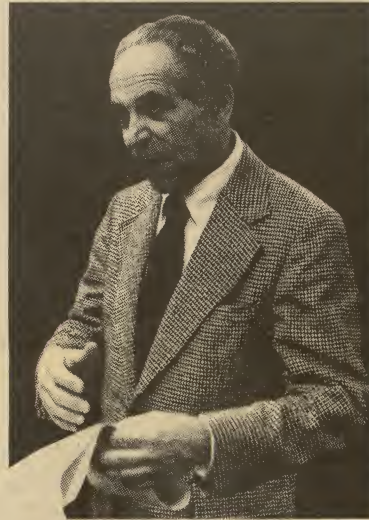
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**Thomas Szasz Speaks Out
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Carol Ruth Silver*, Ed Clark,
Bart Lee, LP candidate for
District Attorney; and others.**

It was psychiatric testimony that made it possible for Dan White to get away with the cold-blooded murder of George Moscone and Harvey Milk. It was psychiatric testimony that established Dan White's "diminished capacity" defense and allowed him to get off with a mere slap on the hand. On Tuesday, June 19, Bay Area residents will have the opportunity to hear Dr. Thomas Szasz speak out on the Dan White verdict. The author of such books as *Psychiatric Justice*, *The Myth of Mental Illness*, and *Law, Liberty and Psychiatry*, Dr. Szasz is widely recognized as today's leading critic of the role played by his own profession — psychiatry — in criminal cases. He has spoken out vigorously, in hundreds of articles and interviews in magazines, newspapers, and legal, medical and psychiatric journals, against a system which routinely permits both involuntary imprisonment of the innocent and speedy exoneration of the guilty, on no basis but the say-so of psychiatrists playing "expert witness." For years he was one of the leading psychiatric opponents of the American Psychiatric Association's labeling of homosexuality as a "mental disorder." Come and hear this noted critic on the Dan White verdict.



"While White pulled the trigger on the gun that killed Moscone and Milk, American psychiatry pulled the wool over the eyes of lawmakers and journalists and the public, leading to the courtroom scenario of psychiatrists lying through their teeth and having their lies legitimized by the court as 'expert medical testimony.'"

"On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays the psychiatric liars first go to court incriminating the innocent: that is called 'civil commitment.' On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays the same liars go to court exonerating the guilty: that is called a psychiatric defense. The lawmakers, the judges and the attorneys for both sides all shamelessly use these hired liars, which is why each of them is as reluctant to expose and demolish the psychiatric defense of the guilty as to expose and demolish the psychiatric incrimination of the innocent. For decades, the homosexual has been the psychiatrist's favorite scapegoat. American psychiatry's true feelings about the homosexual showed its ugly face once more in the trial of Dan White. Let us hope that the White affair may arouse the sense of justice in the gay community in America and in the hearts of all those who sympathize with their victimization."—*Thomas Szasz*

DAN WHITE GOT AWAY WITH MURDER. AMERICAN PSYCHIATRY HELPED HIM TO DO IT.

Sponsored by the **Libertarian Party of San Francisco** and **Students for a Libertarian Society.**

For more information, call the SFLP at 397-1336.

*Carol Ruth Silver, who will be acting Mayor on June 19, will speak if possible; otherwise an aide will appear for her. As a Supervisor and acting Mayor, she endorses widespread public discussion on this important issue.

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frightened cry of a wounded beast. A pause. Shouts, threats, and fists waving. I notice a man on the sidewalk staring at me. I look to see what he is staring at. My right hand had been grabbing out handfuls of leaves from the bush at my side. I make a funny face at him and moved away from the bush.

A black woman, pretty and well-dressed, walks her dog on a leash on the sidewalk beside me, as though this were the most natural place in the world to be at the moment. A pair of young Lesbians with happy flushed faces kiss and hug each other. An aging drunk staggers in the gutter begging to be beaten. Mea culpa! He is ignored.

"The hydrant. Get the hydrant! Where's the hydrant?" one young man shouts, disappearing through the crowd along the sidewalk.

The fire truck rolls back, the mob now whooping and waving bye-bye. Everyone turns again to watch the burning car, many seeking cover behind other parked autos. Some sit on fenders or along the walls as they would to watch any other outdoor entertainment.

★ ★ ★

A new line of Riot Cops now moves from McAllister down Polk joining the others along the City Hall's front steps. They are jeered at but allowed to pass.

A tall blond man in a black leather jacket strikes the windshield of a civilian car at the corner with what looks like a rhinestoned piece of chainmail. The glass cracks, splintered fingers spreading from the point of impact. Another man in spectacles, smiling shyly, politely borrows a jackknife from a bystander to slash the tires of the same vehicle.

I stand and watch, feeling numb. It might have been a movie. I turn and look around me, spotting a black man standing on the third floor balcony of City Hall, leaning on the balustrade, watching as the police car flames away below in the cool evening air. Incongruous.

★ ★ ★

I decide to see what's happening elsewhere, curious as to why the police aren't moving against the crowd. Passing along an eerily quiet McAllister Street, I see empty parked black-and-whites all along the curb. An unmarked car is double-parked with four civilian-suited men inside. I am ignored. They are busy listening to a crackling police broadcast on the radio.

The Van Ness side of City Hall is as it would be on almost any other evening — strolling couples and singles, Gay and straight — until I reached the Grove Street corner where a Channel 5 TV van sits with wires strewn out in various directions and a camera is set up on the sidewalk. A small group gathers around as 11:00 o'clock approaches. A polite and handsome black man

urges the curious away from the open-doored van. The two TV reporters check their notes and take their positions in front of the camera, the blonde lady sucking in air to calm her nerves. Two Gay men come along the grass, one jotting notes on a clipboard: "I'm going to write a book about all this, a novel."

Lights flash on. The newscasters speak softly and the camera-hungry crowd closes in behind them, one man lifting into the camera's eye a T-shirt reading "Dump Dianne."

Movement across the street. The Opera House is just letting out after a PDQ Bach concert. It's like any other springtime evening this side of City Hall. A man in a neat suit and tie comes up beside me as I struggle to hear the TV newscasters' whispering. "What's this all about? The Dan White verdict?" "It's about the demonstration on the other side of City Hall," I tell him. "About the Dan White verdict?" I nod. He shakes his head slowly, a ts-k-ts-k look passing over his face, and walks away.

As the newscasters drone on nervously, a black man with an embarrassed-looking white woman on his arm shouts in passing: "Yeah, why don't they let Sirhan Sirhan out too!" The reporters mumble into their mikes and then the brief "on-the-spot" coverage is over. The lights flash out.

★ ★ ★

I mingle with the curious, the concert-goers, the mixed group heading down Grove towards Polk. A new line of cops directs us to avoid the area. Some of the Opera House patrons explain that their cars are parked there on Polk, in front of City Hall. They are allowed to pass through the police line — "But make it quick!" I consider following them, but think better of it and move around the intersection and into the Plaza park where garbage cans are overturned everywhere and tiny fires burn. A man and woman sit calmly on a bench, looking around with bored expressions.

I become aware of the slow moan of sirens and see flames jutting up beyond the bushes and trees. It appears to me that

and trees. It appears to me that the lower floor of the building along McAllister Street between Polk and Larkin is on fire.

There is a sudden roar and running footsteps from the direction of Polk Street. The police are moving in. The protesters mingle with the people in the park and everyone moves speedily off towards Larkin Street. "Walk, don't run!" voices call out all around. We all slow down, look around, checking behind us. No cops in sight.

On Larkin, out in the open again, the moaning sirens seem amplified, unblocked by the foliage, accompanied by the snapping sounds of what I later learn is detonated ammunition. I hear also the closer sound of a

motorcycle engine starting up only a few feet away. Freezing with fear, I turn towards that sound. It's okay. Just another civilian about to move out, not a cop.

I cross to the front of the Library to get a better view of the fire raging along McAllister (and the cops if they should come rushing through the park). Now I see that it is a whole line of parked police cars that are burning on McAllister Street, not the building. Blackish smoke and orange flames rise, the air is filled with soot.

Then more shouting and surging movement as hundreds come running out of Civic Center Plaza and down from McAllister. I hurry along with the others along the grass outside the Library, along the side to the back of the building. Once at Hyde Street, I realize the wall is taller than I'd realized. I consider turning back. Mobs of people are dashing along behind me. To hell with it; I ease myself down and jump. Others who do so are not so fortunate as to have had those few extra seconds to think. Pressured from behind, they jump without looking and crumple as they hit the sidewalk.

The crowd splits. Some head down towards Market Street, others (myself included) up Hyde. Some just stop, wait, watch.

Deciding to cruise back towards Polk, I walk two blocks up and over on Turk Street. Passing Larkin I see random stragglers coming along and the single huge cloud of black smoke that shoots diagonally across the McAllister intersection. The block on Turk between Larkin and Polk, that long block of the back of the Federal Building, is almost empty of people. Inside the lobby of that glassed-in monstrosity I see a small man carrying a radio and a tall, heavy-set black woman — security guards in tan uniforms. They look out through the floor-to-ceiling plate-glass panels at me. There is the sound of windows being smashed on the other side, the front side. The male security guard looks in that direction, speaking into his transmitter. The black woman moves toward a waiting elevator watching me, her hand on the holstered revolver at her side. She appears cautious, scared. The elevator doors slide shut.

★ ★ ★

Close to the corner of Turk and Polk, I encounter a man leaning against the wall calling for a friend who is further down the block. He's holding a blood-splotted white handkerchief to the side of his head. As his friend comes rushing back, the injured man explains how he'd been clubbed down to the sidewalk as a group of Riot Cops moved past and how, before he could get up again, he was clubbed some more by other passing policemen. I hand him my clean handkerchief as his friend guides him into a parked car. (My memory flashes on being similarly injured while watching

a Yippie demonstration across from the White House many years earlier. I was not a part of the demonstration. Trying to help a young woman up who'd been knocked to the sidewalk, I'd been clubbed by a wild-eyed D.C. policeman. It's called rational law and order.)

★ ★ ★

At the corner of Turk Street, other people are walking and running up Polk. A man supports a woman whose shoulder has been injured. A black man riding in a car jumps out and demands that demonstrators who have hopped on the trunk get off. They do. The man gets back in the car. A young man kicks and punches a newspaper rack. Everyone looks around at everyone else, perhaps realizing (as I do) that each of us is not the enemy. Gay or straight, we are not the enemy. But then who is the enemy?

★ ★ ★

There's little action now in front of City Hall. The police and larger groups of protesters, effectively separated from each other, are elsewhere. I return to Larkin and Golden Gate Avenue where smaller bands of people have congregated; watching, waiting. Several of them roll a trash can out to the center of the intersection and ignite the contents. Passing cars slow down and maneuver around the obstacles. Piles of flattened cardboard and a dumpster are dragged out into the middle of the street, pushed over, set afire. A woman in a window of one of the buildings yells down, "That's enough now!" She is ignored. Tires from a nearby dealership are rolled down the street into the fire, through the fire into the intersection. More windows begin to be smashed.

I move off up Larkin towards home, turning back now and then to see the black and white

billows of smoke hanging like a curtain over the downtown cityscape, passing people who seem totally unaware of what's been going on. I wonder what they will think when they get the news next day. I wonder how much damage has been done, how much more will be done as the night progresses, how many will be injured. I wonder, most of all, how other people are feeling who were down there, who escaped as I did, unharmed, who were confused by the same weird mixture of emotions I had felt — feelings of rage at this horrifyingly stupid miscarriage of justice in the White case, renewed feelings of loss at the brutal deaths of Moscone and Milk at the hands of that maniac, feelings of utterly ecstatic joy at seeing Gay men and women finally — finally! — fighting back, expressing their anguish and frustration openly, directly, against the warped system that still — still! — can and does oppress so many. Bitterness and wonder, anxiety and joy.

Reaching home after midnight, exhausted, tense, angry and still confused, I ride the elevator up to the top floor and climb the back stairs to the roof. I walk to the front edge and look out over the City: San Francisco, where (we are supposed to believe) things have changed, things are different — only to find new evidence of overt bigotry and hatred in new and strange corners.

My bladder is aching. I unzip my wornout, seat-ripped cords and piss out over the edge of the roof, out onto the City, watching the black smoke flattened against the night sky beyond and wishing in my heart that City Hall had also burned — a giant torch to show the disgrace of a place where trust and justice that day had died.

Ray P. Comeau

Lawyers Guild to Look Into White Verdict & May 21 Abuses

The National Lawyers Guild has called for an Analysis of the Dan White Verdict, and has established a Legal Defense Committee concerning May 21, 1979.

In the wake of the voluntary manslaughter verdicts for Dan White in the assassinations of George Moscone and Harvey Milk, the National Lawyers Guild has asked its Criminal Justice and Anti-Sexism Committees to investigate the verdict in the case. The NLG seeks to actively work against the efforts to expand the use of the death penalty and to limit the diminished capacity defense in criminal trials.

The National Lawyers Guild has taken the position that the verdict clearly reflects the inequalities inherent in the criminal justice system. Had Dan White been Gay, non-white and/or poor, he clearly would not have received the same

treatment. In response to the Dan White verdict, the NLG has issued its analysis.

The NLG has also established a defense committee to defend the people arrested on May 21, and to seek redress for the attacks by police against the people around the Civic Center, on Market Street, and in the Castro area.

For legal assistance, call: 285-5066.

Contributions to the defense fund can be sent to: "Capp Street Foundation" for the May 21st Defense Fund, 558 Capp St., San Francisco 94110.

A meeting for people who needed legal assistance, or who had information for the defense committee, was held on June 3 at Douglas School, 19th & Douglass. The purpose was to investigate and prepare for litigation.

Blow An Attacker Away — WITH A WHISTLE

Lesbians File Claim With City

Shirley Wilson, a hospital technician, and Sue Davis, a nurse, have filed a claim against the San Francisco Police Department for \$400,000. The claim is a result



Sue Davis

of an altercation between the two women and Mission Station police outside of Amelia's Bar on Valencia Street January 21, 1979.

Also named in the complaint are the Sheriff's Department and the City and County of San Francisco. The two women were leaving the bar and trying to get into their car. Their way was blocked by the police. An argument ensued and the women claim they were verbally and physically abused by the police. They were arrested and taken to Mission Station. They state that during their detention at Mission Station and the Hall of Justice they were again beaten, denied a phone call, and knowledge of the charges against them. One woman was strip searched by both male and female officers.

When the claim was filed, Shirley Wilson stated, "Although the bruises the police gave me have faded, I'm still dealing with the repercussions from that night. Besides being forced to be a very 'public' Lesbian, I missed a week's salary, which is really rough when you're a mother. I'm still paying my medical and legal bills. The usual fear I have as a woman going out at night has been compounded — you never know when another unprovoked incident may occur."

"The intent of the claim is not only to gain compensation for themselves, but, in the same way that rape victims are claiming compensation, it's purpose is to serve as a deterrent to further violence against women," stated Maureen Rafferty, a member of Wages Due Lesbians, a group working closely with the claimants. "Whether we're Lesbian or not, women have always paid a very high price for saying 'NO' — in the streets, in the office, or in our homes — and in this case, we want the police to pay!"

Lori Nairne, spokeswoman for Wages Due Lesbians, told B.A.R. that their group is a

broad-based advocacy organization seeking to improve the status of women. Their interest in the Davis/Wilson claim is based on the belief that "it represents another way in which women are fighting against violence."

Sue Davis, a nurse well known in the Gay community, was until last month the 1979 co-chair of the Gay Freedom Day Parade.

Donations to their legal battle are urgently needed and can be made payable to the Sue and Shirley Legal Fund and mailed to P.O. Box 14512, S.F., CA 94114. Women are needed to help with fundraising events being planned for the summer months. For more information or for interviews contact Maureen Rafferty at 558-6899.

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MANAGING EDITOR
Paul F. Lorch

News Editor

Fine Arts Editor
George Heymont

Typesetting
Tony Perry

Peninsula & East Bay Rep.
Gene Earl

City Correspondent

Contributors
Priscilla Alexander
Adam Block
Mark Brown
Ray P. Comeau
Wayne Friday
Paul-Francis Hartmann
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Viewpoint

The Afterburn

We will witness over the next weeks and months two not unusual phenomena: the whitewash and the backlash.

Every official involved (and even those not involved) in the Dan White farce and Bloody Monday will employ every and any device to wriggle off the hook or make political hay out of the episodes. A.D.A.'s career is on the ropes as is that of the Chief of Police. And America's Sweetheart is sporting her first political shiner. The POA will muddy the cesspool to both snuff the Chief and cover up for their own members' misconduct. Out of the blood-bath will ooze the bullshit bath. And we will all play the game. Gays included.

And if anyone thinks the Mayor's smokescreen committee will ever find her partly responsible for May 21 — think again. If it has taken the multiple white-ribboned Kennedy Committee only 18 years to explain his assassination, what are we to expect from 60 days.

The same events will also encourage our enemies to bare their fangs and go for the jugular should they sense the Gay community is vulnerable. The tactic will be fear: "The Gays are out to take over your city." Homophobe rhetoric will become respectable, and we will be targeted for every civic ill from alcoholism to housing. With each new slur, a hundred more will be hissed.

Neither coverup nor counterattack should surprise us not deter us. The Gay human rights movement has crossed the Rubicon.

The picture is not all that bleak. The standing firm has solidified the Gay community as never before. We have demonstrated we are no paper tiger. We have demonstrated we can be peaceful and rational and fun-loving (which we all prefer). We have demonstrated we can fight back and be irrational and ugly if pushed too far. (We have demonstrated both within a 24-hour period.)

Over the ensuing months we can make striking advances — as the hack politicians fall into disarray and our enemies flaunt their intolerance.

We have hatched a new strength and purpose. Let us not dissipate our energies debating whether violence is wrong or justified.

The future is on our side. Our only folly will be to swallow the latest gas — be it sweet-smelling or noxious.

P. Lorch

Letters...

VIOLENCE UNDERSTANDABLE TO LEFT

★ The verdict in the Dan White trial serves notice that it is now open season on Lesbians and Gay men in San Francisco. When defense attorney Schmidt said that "good people from good backgrounds don't commit murder," he should have added that when they do, they get off with a slap on the wrist. The jury's decision makes it clear that if you are from a "good" background, meaning that if you are white, heterosexual, middle-class and male, you are not subject to the same laws as everyone else.

Monday night's violence did little except to vent the considerable rage and frustration in the Gay community. But it is not surprising that the Gay community finally erupted over this insulting and outrageous verdict. Perhaps if someone had been able to put those feelings into words at the demonstration, rather than the same old platitudes about working within the system and being tolerant and loving, a riot would not have occurred.

In the face of escalating attacks against not only Gays, but women and minorities and workers as well, in the face of a growing right-wing movement in this country which is out to demolish every movement for social change, the liberal leaders of the Gay community still preach business-as-usual Democratic Party politics, compromise and deals with our enemies.

The capitalist system depends for its survival on the oppression of Gays, minorities and women. Gays, particularly, are seen as a threat to the nuclear family. Dan White stood for everything that is oppressive and exploitative in this society with his well-known hatred for Gays, blacks and liberals. The Gay movement must make common cause with other oppressed groups and build a united front against reaction so that there will be no more Dan Whites.

Sukey Durham
The Freedom Socialist Party
San Francisco

THE INJUSTICE OF WHITE

★ The problem with the Dan White verdict is not how shocking it is but rather how expected, how predictable. We've all seen how the "justice" system has dealt with Patty Hearst, Richard Nixon. We've also seen how a Black man spends his life in prison until murdered there for robbing a gas station — George Jackson. Or how an Asian woman is still in prison — for maybe renting a garage — Wendy Yoshimura. The Injustice of the Dan White verdict is something we're all too familiar with and our outrage with that injustice was vented on Monday night. Riots do not construct anything, but they do serve notice on a system that is simply intolerable.

We who are women, people of color, Gay, workers without money or connections know what our verdict would have been if it had been our trial. We know how we are found guilty and sentenced without ever seeing a courtroom every day as we are harassed, beaten, arrested in our own neighborhoods.

We experience these attacks in the courts, in the streets, in the fight against our right to abortion, in the rise of police brutality across this city, across this nation, and we know these are not isolated issues. The reactionary forces of the right-wing are on the move, and though they would pit us against each other (as they try with the "Gay speculators" myth — as if most people weren't workers, as if most landlords weren't straight, white men) we are not fooled.

We must see our survival in each other's struggles; we must come together to fight for our rights. As we organize to take action, we cannot accept the liberal leadership of those who ask us to calm down. We must build and support a leadership who will guide and use our rage. We are the majority, the foundation of this country, and united we have the power.

Sara Marsh

SALUTE TO HARRY BRITT

★ I want to make it clear that this is one Gay guy who is proud of Supervisor Harry Britt's comments and actions during the aftermath of that infamy known as the Dan White verdict and I believe Harvey Milk would agree with me.

For years homosexuals have been beaten, harassed, viciously abused in every conceivable way, dismissed from our jobs if discovered, occasionally ostracized by family and friends, blackmailed, and sometimes killed by punks, cops and "solid citizens." What happens when we come to civilized, sophisticated San Francisco? Often more of the same.

We have lived here entertaining tourists on sidewalks and streets, serving as waiters in chic restaurants, clerking, bell-hopping, and bartending in opulent hotels, rip-off bistros and cute boutiques so the City grudgingly tolerates us because economically it pays to do so. We are all right as long as we serve the purposes designated for us by the straight establishment here; as long as we know our place. Harry Britt and the angry, bitter men and women at City Hall Monday night were telling everybody, among other things, that we are not going to be the slave eunuchs of Baghdad by the Bay any longer.

As that All-American wonder killer Dan White said, "The gloves are off."

James Clark
San Francisco

PUNKS & PROTESTS

★ Undoubtedly, the majority of people in the San Francisco Bay Area viewed the Dan White jury verdict with disdain. Equally frustrating to those in the Gay community (or the independent Gays) was the fact that the jury viewed the murder of Harvey Milk with less concern than that of George Moscone. Having different sexual preferences certainly did NOT make Harvey Milk less of a man or a person.

At this juncture we must recognize that the verdict is irreversible — unless it is determined that gross trial errors existed. But this will be a matter for the courts to subsequently decide.

However, the actions of the punks in the streets CANNOT — and WILL NOT be condoned by the responsible people in the San Francisco Bay Area — be they Gay, straight — or both.

I was not present during the violent demonstrations which took place at City Hall — and subsequently in other areas. But, reflecting back on the anti-war demonstrations — I realize that violence is NOT always precipitated by the police. But, let's not forget that IRRESPONSIBILITY exists on both sides — on the part of the police and the demonstrators.

The actions of numerous people last night — and early this morning — have — unfortunately — set back the cause which Harvey Milk believed in. Unless I am mistaken, I felt that he believed in fairness, tolerance, understanding, cooperation — and most importantly, RESPONSIBILITY.

While I sincerely applaud the efforts of those who tried to maintain calm, I am disappointed with those individuals who let their emotions obscure reason. They did a disservice to the Gay community — and those straights who support the Gay community.

Harvey Milk would have been deeply ashamed.

Mark Todd
Oakland

Letters...

Mr. Lorch,

Your name was brought to my attention through a newspaper article by UPI. My feelings are the same as yours as well as most of the Gay community in and around Memphis. We feel a great injustice has been done in regard to the tragic death of Harvey Milk.

I and some of my friends are interested in subscribing to your paper. The people of this area need a good source of information which I feel your paper can provide. At the present time this area does not have this.

It is for this reason that I would like to inquire as to how I might go about subscribing to your paper.

"UNITED WE STAND"
Shelia Tankersley
West Memphis, Tennessee

INJUSTICE

★ The injustice of our judiciary system was proven again, Monday, May 21, when the Dan White verdict was announced. In essence, we were told that if you are a white, straight male from a "respectable" background you can get away with murder.

As feminists, Lesbians, women of color and workers we realize that the Dan White case is only another indication of the right wing backlash that is mounting force in this country. Every day we are fighting for our rights, our lives, as another woman is beaten outside of or inside of women's bars, as abortion rights and the ERA go down to defeat, as affirmative action takes a nose dive with the Bakke decision, as pot shots are taken at the poor, as the Weber Case comes before the public.

The violence that erupted as a result of the Dan White case did little except release anger and frustration and demonstrate that we need to unite, to connect all of our struggles in our fight for equality.

Kim Marshall
Sara Marsh
for the Women Writers Union

WELCOME BACK CAMP

Paul-Francis Hartmann:

It's been a depressing week, so I was especially appreciative of the beginning of your series on Capri.

I still remember with pleasure your earlier series on Gay life in San Francisco in the forties and fifties. At the age of 40 I know that Gay liberation had beginnings before Stonewall, but many of my friends have little sense of such history. If you have not already done so, I hope you will present a copy of the San Francisco series to the History Room of the San Francisco Public Library; it should be available to a wider public than the readers of B.A.R. Thanks.

Matt Lowman
San Francisco

B.A.R. EDITORIAL

★ I was deeply impressed with your editorial on the City Hall riot that appears in the current issue of B.A.R. and I felt compelled to write and tell you so. Like you, I was there — and my reactions to the entire experience were identical to yours. Frankly, I never felt more assertive nor proud at being Gay.

I can still hear the cops sweeping through Civic Center and the surrounding streets shouting, "Get out of here, you fucking faggots!" Like you, I didn't throw any bricks physically — but my spirits soared with every crash!

At any rate, thanks for your astute and perceptive words. You hit the nail squarely on the head — we have nothing to apologize for.

Frederick J. Steell
San Francisco

(ED. NOTE: The B.A.R. office received scores of appreciative calls on the "Riot" editorial. It was written at 3:00am — my emotions still reeling from the events of Bloody Monday. Laying the paper out the next afternoon, I sense it as perhaps a bit overwrought. However, subsequent events have only reinforced my convictions. As the civic officials weasel, point fingers, and cover up — my Gay pride has magnified... P. Lorch)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

DEPLORES RABBLE

★ The verdict of Dan White is an unquestionable miscarriage of justice. His jury has informed the world that cold-blooded murder is now acceptable in San Francisco.

As wrong as this verdict is, it does not justify the outrageous incident at City Hall, Monday, May 21. A few young punks that supposedly represent the Gay community took it upon themselves to wreck personal property without regard to endangering innocent people in the process. This behavior does not and will not help the Gay cause, and if a brick wall is suddenly placed between the Gays and the Straights, we have only these selfish punks to blame: They have tarnished the memory of Harvey Milk and George Moscone.

I believe these young rabble rousers joined the parade from Castro Street to City Hall with the intention of being obstreperous, odious, and totally ignorant of what the consequences might be afterwards. Furthermore, probably most did not know why they were in the march in the first place, as this rabble is only concerned with "turning on" which doesn't give them time to read a newspaper. Most of them do not know what it was like being Gay in the terrible 50's. People like Harvey Milk and George Moscone have handed them their rights on a silver platter.

And to think that Carol Ruth Silver, a champion of human rights, had to be hurt in the melee.

Let us pray that the Gay community will not be linked with the troublemakers. Already the national news is saying that the homosexuals in San Francisco have caused "A Night of Fury."

I bow my head in shame for the few who have spoiled it for the many.

Dick Bumpus
San Francisco

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

OPEN LETTER TO THE MAYOR

★ In view of the upcoming Police Officers Association vote of lack of confidence in Chief Gain, I am urging you to keep Chief Gain. Let's look at the motive behind this vote.

Many policemen want to see our city in a tight context without obvious individual freedom (i.e., differences) expressed. They are willing to go so far to realize this goal that they support Dan White's murders of more progressive leaders, they have rioted in the Castro, and they would like to dump Gain in favor of someone who will let them brutalize our city to their liking. Well, Mr. Policeman, San Francisco did not earn the title of America's Favorite City by being boring and orderly. The city earned it with a rich history of individual expression.

These policemen are afraid that through our various liberation movements (Black, women, Gay) that one group will get ahead of another. The point is not to turn back the clock on everyone, but to learn by example so that everyone gets ahead and becomes more free.

I have spent years observing who is happy, who is not, and why — especially in the context of rigid rules vs. personal choice. The answers are there.

Paul Bannon
San Francisco

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THE ASSASSINATION

★ An article on assassinations in the 2/19/77 issue of *The Saturday Review* forecasts the City Hall murders of Mayor Moscone and Supervisor Milk.

"Assassinations of national figures are not ordinary murders. When bullets distort or nullify the national will, democracy itself has been attacked. When a series of such events changes the direction of the nation and occurs under suspicious circumstances, institutions seem compromised or corrupted and democratic process itself undermined. It was Robert Kennedy's (also Moscone and Milk's) special gift that he understood the new realities of power in this country and could make people believe that if they roused themselves to the effort they could reclaim America.

"Perhaps that helps explain why the pain of his (their) loss remains so great after so long a time."

"Perhaps that helps explain why the pain of his (their) loss remains so great after so long a time."

Richard L. Bell
San Francisco

(Advertisement)



Real Estate

By BILL FELDMAN
PREFERRED REALTY

TAX UPDATE FOR HOMEOWNERS

Homeowners, age 55 or over, may exclude from their taxable income all capital gain up to \$100,000 from the sale of their principal residence. They must have lived in the home at least three of the five years before they sell it and the exemption may be claimed only once in a lifetime. The tax break is retroactive to July 26, 1978.

Deductions for moving expenses have been increased to \$3,000 (real estate commissions, mortgage costs, etc.) if you are forced to purchase a home due to a job change over 35 miles away. Up to one half this total (\$1,500) may be deducted for pre-move househunting expenses and temporary living expenses (up to 30 days) at your new location.

There has also been a breakthrough in the area of capital gains when you sell real estate. If you sell after holding the property for over one year, you only have to pay tax on 40% of the profit. Prior to the 1978 Tax Reform Act, the figure was 50%. Real estate continues to be the best tax hedge for investors and homeowners.

If there is anything I can do to help you in the field of real estate, please phone or drop in and see me at:

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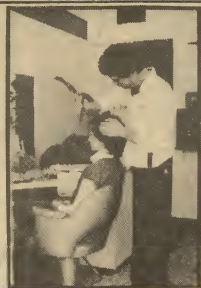
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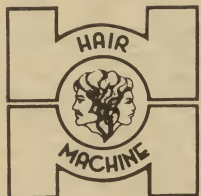
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Harvey Milk's Birthday

Harvey Milk's birthday was celebrated on Tuesday, May 22, on Castro Street between 17th and 18th Streets. The Harvey Milk Gay Democratic Club sponsored event featured dancing, entertainment, and guest speakers.

The entertainment included folksinger Meg Christian, the Al Fellahin belly dancers, Terry Hutchinson (formerly of Buena Vista), and the Anti-Matter Band for street dancing.

The club invited Bob Ross, Anne Kronenberg, Sally Gearhart, Harry Britt, Wayne Friday and Dick Pabich — old friends and political associates of Harvey — to speak. The program was emceed by Bill Kraus, Gwenn Craig and Cleve Jones.

"Castro Street was his home, where he lived, worked, and



Jon Sims leads the Gay Freedom Day Marching Band and Twirling Corps down Castro Street at the Harvey Milk Birthday Party. (Photo by Tony Plewik)

organized," remarked Cleve Jones, pointing out the special significance of Castro Street for Harvey. "His camera store was the headquarters for his campaigns as well as a Gay community information center. Harvey's contributions to Castro Street and the neighborhood were many, such as the Castro Street Fair and the merchants groups. It seems highly appropriate to celebrate Harvey's birthday in this manner, a party on the street he loved."

Picketing of Freitas Fundraiser

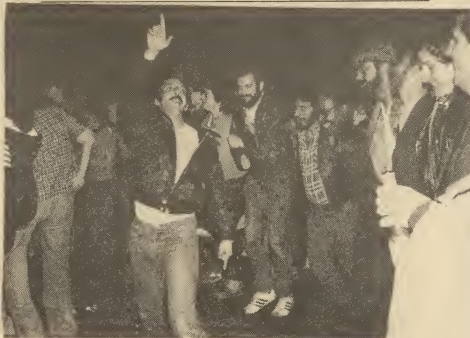
The Dump Freitas Committee plans to sponsor a picket line at the \$125 per plate fundraiser for District Attorney Joseph Freitas for the purpose of educating citizens about the ineptness and irresponsible, politically motivated handling of cases which Mr. Freitas has demonstrated during his past 3 1/2 years in office.

The picket line will begin at 6:15pm on Tuesday, June 12, at the San Francisco Hilton Hotel (Mason & O'Farrell Sts.).

The Dump Freitas Committee was recently formed by a group of San Franciscans concerned about persistent poor performance of the District Attorney, including his role in mishandling the Dan White case.



Three monitors of the some 340 who volunteered to keep the peace at the Harvey Milk Birthday Party the night following the riots at City Hall and on Castro Street. (Photo by Rink)



Celebrants at the Harvey Milk Birthday Party; estimates of 20,000 participants in a night of memories, music and merry-making. (Photo by Rink)

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SUNDAY, JUNE 24th

10:00 am COMMUNION SERVICE

Gay Freedom Day Proclamation
The Hon. Mayor Dianne Feinstein

7:00 pm WORSHIP SERVICE

The Rev. Troy D. Perry,
preaching

METROPOLITAN
COMMUNITY
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The Rev. Jim Dykes, pastor
285-0392

B.A.R. Opinion Survey

We would like to hear from our readers and learn their opinions on the following races. If you have a name other than what is listed, write it in.

OFFICE OF MAYOR

Dianne Feinstein ☐
Quentin Kopp ☐
Milton Marks ☐
Carol Ruth Silver ☐
Other _____

OFFICE OF D.A.

Joseph Freitas ☐
Milton Marks ☐
Carol Ruth Silver ☐
Arlo Smith ☐
Other _____

Please return to B.A.R. Opinion, 1528 15th Street, San Francisco, CA 94103 prior to June 15 so that we may publish the results of this poll.

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*Proceeds to Fire League Athletic and Musical Events
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Dedication Ceremonies

The Recreational Arts Building at 50 Scott Street was officially renamed the Harvey Milk Center for Recreational Arts on Saturday, May 26, at 1:00pm.

San Francisco Recreation and Park Commission President Eugene L. Friend and Recreation and Park General Manager John J. Spring were present to unveil signs renaming the Center in honor of the late Supervisor.

Civic officials including Dis-

Entertainment was provided

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Supervisor Harry Britt unveils the new sign at the Harvey Milk Recreational Arts Center. (Photo by Rink)

by a variety of dance groups including adult tap, ballroom, folk, disco and belly dance performers. Children's modern, folk and ballet classes also danced along with the "Four Foxy Ladies" from the Joseph Lee Recreation Center.

Music was provided by orchestral groups, a children's beginning string class and members of the Golden Gate Park Band led by David Hardiman.

A special photography display of pictures of Harvey Milk is being shown in the lobby of the building. The photos are from the collection of Guy Corry.

Also speaking before the crowd of more than 200 persons were Commissioner Del Martin who represented Mayor Feinstein and read the official proclamation for the event.

The Harvey Milk Center for Recreational Arts is located at Scott and Duboce Streets.

Aid for Riot Victims

Financial relief for persons injured in the incidents at City Hall and Castro Street on Monday, May 21, is the goal of a committee formed recently by associates of seven civic and political organizations.

Persons who suffered medical or personal expenses are eligible for aid, according to a spokesperson for the committee which met for the first time on June 4. Substantial contributions have already been received from donors in many parts of the country.

Committee members and their associations include Don Coffinger, The Pride Foundation; Mark Calhoun, Peoples Fund; George Banda, Tavern Guild; Bob Cramer, Council of Emperors; Del Dawson, Noe Valley Merchants; Dorothy Langston, Alice B. Toklas Memorial Democratic Club; Hector Navarro, Operation Concern; Brenda Weathers, Whitman-Radcliffe Foundation.

Contributions, which are tax

deductible, may be sent to Pride Foundation, 330 Grove Street, San Francisco, CA 94102. Checks should be made payable to: Pride Foundation/Emergency Fund. The committee will administer the funds and establish criteria for their distribution. For information concerning donations and how to make applications, phone 922-7185 or 863-5233.

Gay Rights Defeated in Massachusetts

BOSTON

The Massachusetts House, after more than 2½ hours of emotional debate, killed legislation last week designed to protect the civil service employment rights of homosexuals.

The legislation would have applied only to public service employees. Teachers would not have been covered by its provisions.

Similar legislation has failed to win legislative approval since 1975.

The vote against the bill was 78 to 75. On Tuesday, the House had approved the bill by a 77-to-73 margin. Then the next day it voted to reconsider its action.

Supporters of the proposal said the outcome changed because some lawmakers reacted to "uninformed public opinion."

Representative Philip Shea (D-Lowell), a former Golden Gloves boxer who led the debate against the bill, said he feared the bill would leave the "back door" ajar to future legislation that would encourage the homosexual style of life.

Hennessey to Run for Sheriff

Mike Hennessey, a lawyer in the Sheriff's Dept., announced Monday his candidacy for Sheriff to unseat the incumbent Gene Brown, who was appointed to that position by

the late Mayor George Moscone upon the resignation of Dick Hongisto. Hennessey, with the Department since 1974, will take a leave of absence for the duration of the campaign. As director of the San Francisco Jail Project from 1975 to 1978, Hennessey provided legal assistance to inmates in the County Jail and technical assistance to the Sheriff's Department. A native of Iowa, he graduated from U.S.F. Law School in 1973. Hennessey has been president



Mike Hennessey, candidate for Sheriff.

of San Francisco Deputies and Inmates, a non-profit corporation which provides emergency assistance, sponsors improvement programs such as Organic Farm Project, a Parent-Child legal assistance project, completion of a deputy training site, and other programs.

Hennessey has been selected to the Board of Directors of the Barrister's Club of San Francisco, the young lawyers' section of the Bar Association. Hennessey is expected to draw heavy support from those people who have long supported Dick Hongisto in his two successful campaigns for Sheriff of San Francisco.

Blow an attacker away with a whistle.

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HE NEEDS \$30,000 TO ELIMINATE DEBTS HE HAS ACCUMULATED GETTING ELECTED. HE BELIEVES THAT GAY PEOPLE ARE VALUABLE TO SAN FRANCISCO, THEREFORE THEY MUST HAVE A VOICE IN RUNNING THE CITY: HARVEY, HOWEVER, IS NOT AVAILABLE TO PAY OFF THESE DEBTS. DEBTS INCURRED ON BEHALF OF PEOPLE WHO ALSO SHARE THIS BELIEF.

ALTHOUGH HE IS NOT AVAILABLE, WE ARE. BY CONTRIBUTING TO **THE FRIENDS OF SUPERVISOR HARVEY MILK*** YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS WILL GO DIRECTLY TOWARD PAYING OFF THESE DEBTS. ANY SURPLUS MONIES WILL GO TOWARDS PROGRAMS HARVEY BELIEVES IN. PLEASE SUPPORT HARVEY . . HE'S FALLEN SHORT OF TIME.

Please make checks payable to **The Friends of Supervisor Harvey Milk** and send to The United California Bank, Attention: B. Tabaracci, Box 7556, San Francisco, CA 94120, where a special account has been set up exclusively for this purpose.

All expenses incurred by **The Friends of Supervisor Harvey Milk** have been donated by people who want to help those who helped Harvey.

*Not to be confused with The Harvey Milk Assistance Fund whose purpose was to get Harvey elected or The Harvey Milk United Fund whose purpose is to support projects Harvey envisioned.

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Politics & People

Freitas Blows the White Trial

Wayne Friday

If any current officeholder in this county deserves to be put out to pasture this November, it is Joe Freitas, our embarrassing District Attorney. The Harvey Milk Gay Democratic Club might just have started the ball rolling last week when nearly 200 members voted unanimously to work for his defeat this fall.

In addition, Carol Ruth Silver, the hope of many for Mayor, has announced she had withdrawn her support for his re-election. I have heard that Joe Freitas is now desperately running around town looking for support — especially in the Gay community. He had damned well better; the guy will be finding out soon enough how really desperate his campaign is. One well-intentioned Gay man told me last week that he is still supporting Joe because "Freitas is learning by his mistakes." My question to that man was how many mistakes is the guy entitled to? How many scandals is the D.A.'s office allowed? How many Wheaties fiascos? How many scandals by members of the District Attorney's own staff? How many People's Temple foul-ups? How many "redlight abatement" schemes? And then, of course, there is the matter of the Dan White trial.

The District Attorney told some of us at the time of Harvey Milk's funeral that he, Joe Freitas, would personally try this case. Instead, Freitas ended up putting up his "best man available," Tom Norman, on the case and let Norman be made a fool of by a slick young lawyer while the District Attorney was off doing male fashion shows on local television stations. At the very least, Freitas should have been calling the shots at that trial; and if he claims that he was really in charge, then he must be held responsible for the incredible results.

I covered that murder trial on a fairly regular basis, and it was clear from the start what was being put over on us. Clear from the very selection of the jurors. There were no Gays, no Asians, and no Blacks on that jury. I ask you, does that sound like a fair cross-section of this city — a town that is made up of minorities? I submit that the defense and the District Attorney's office wanted the jury to be lily white so as to move the trial along and get this damned business off the front pages — after all, it is re-election time again.

There are a number of questionable areas: ask any Hastings law student; any one of them could have handled this better than Joe Freitas and his "ace" 19-year veteran Norman, that Freitas and Norman fell down on this case. First, the D.A. played into the hands of the defense by the selection of the jury. Norman had over 20 challenges left he could have used, but chose not to. Certainly had he exhausted all the jury challenges due him, he would have finally ended up with a Gay person or a Black person on that jury. But that might have taken a week or possibly longer and the D.A.'s office wanted no part of that. The District Attorney and his "ace" failed miserably in the key issue of the determination of Dan White's state of mind. While Schmidt called for the defense a total of four psychiatrists and one psychologist, the District Attorney called only one so-called expert who was so inadequately prepared that his testimony was of no use

whatsoever and was easily discounted by the defense.

Freitas and Company failed to call a key witness, reporter Maitland Zane, to whom Dan White had remarked bitterly some weeks before the killings that "the gloves are now off" when speaking of George Moscone. Zane was finally called, but only as a rebuttal witness, and only after being chided for not doing so by Herb Caen in his column. No attempt was made to determine whether or not White hated homosexuals, despite his record of consistently voting against Gays while on the Board of Supervisors. The less said about that, the better — the better for the defense, that is.

Anyone who ever spent any time at City Hall while Milk and White were there had to know what Dan White really thought of Gay people. I met the man many times, and White actually had trouble even looking you in the eye if he saw you going out of Milk's City Hall offices. White, of course, voted against Milk's Gay rights legislation on the Board — the only one to do so — and voted consistently against anything that even hinted at being pro-Gay; even voted against closing Polk Street for the Halloween celebration, although his beloved Police Department urged the closing. But none of this was brought out at the trial. It would have taken little effort to establish the fact that Dan White had a long record of being anti-Gay, but for some mysterious reason the District Attorney's office chose not to go into that.

Another foul-up was the so-called "confession" of White; a confession obviously staged and directed by White's long-time friend on the Police Department, Frank Falzone. The tape had even the jurors crying along with the All-American Killer as it was played in the courtroom; and any observer could plainly see that the "confession" was doing nothing but aiding the defense. Would you believe that it was, of course, the decision of the D.A. to introduce that tape into the evidence — the next single most important item in establishing the emotional content of the case, and it was the centerpiece of the defense. It is hard to understand how Freitas could later complain about the verdict, saying that "the jury was swayed by a very sophisticated emotional appeal," when he himself was responsible for introducing that evidence. The jury (the jury, remember, that was approved by Norman) can only make its decision based on the evidence before them. The criticism of the jury should really be transferred to the D.A. and the case he presented to that jury. The District Attorney, obviously thinking ahead to the November elections, made decisions based on political considerations. The decision to call Supervisor Carol Ruth Silver was prompted by her own request the Friday before the trial went to the jury rather than any part of a carefully thought out and well-prepared case. Former Undersheriff James Denman claims he offered to testify to the normal mental

state he observed in Dan White, but that for some reason the District Attorney chose not to call him. Denman recalls that as far as he could tell Dan White was not of "diminished capacity" during the days following the killings of Moscone and Milk. Denman tells of how one of the phone calls made the day of the killings, White called his mother and calmly said, "Hi, Mom, how you doing? Well, I guess you heard..." I suggest that the "diminished capacity" really was with the staff of Freitas and Company.

I understand Freitas now realizes that he isn't going to get away with this prostitution of justice as easily as he had apparently thought and is now desperately trying to mend fences, especially in the liberal and Gay communities. I think we should tell Freitas to go to hell — and tell it to him loudly.

POLITICS & POKER...

Don't forget the Jane Fonda fund-raiser for Harry Britt at the Elephant Walk on June 11 (863-5560 for info — \$10) ... one reliable source tells me there will be no indictments for inciting riots from the Grand Jury, but their will be charges for property damage ... Supervisor Louise Renne fired her up-front Gay steno-aide for "not being politically sophisticated enough" ... Dennis Peron, who received 15,000 votes for Charter Commission, has joined the ever-growing list to run for Supe in District 5 ... also, add Republican Kevin Wadsworth to that list ... meanwhile, pressure growing on popular Supervisor Carol Ruth Silver to run for Mayor ... former L.A. Police Chief the Gay-hating Ed Davis will run for the State Senate in L.A.'s 19th District ... Arlo Smith looking better as a D.A. candidate every day. Call Smith's campaign manager, Ron Smith, if you want to help us rid this city of Freitas and Company (788-2109) ... word from Miami has Anita Bryant about to start another anti-Gay religious scheme — you know the old cliché, "If you can't parade your integrity, parade your religion" ... the L.A. City Council approved a Gay rights ordinance that would prohibit discrimination based on sexual orientation in housing, employment, real estate transactions, city facilities and services, public accommodation, credit and business establishments ... Norm Kessler no longer with the Sheriff's office ... Thad Brown of Metergate fame is scheduled to have his office merge with City Treasurer Tom Scanlon. Brown, who still has political ambitions, just might decide to run against Scanlon next time around ...

Despite all indications that he won't run, I still think his opponents would be foolish to rule Joe Alioto out of the Mayor's race — Alioto is full of surprises ... actor Robert Redford to run for U.S. Senate from Utah ... the night of Harvey Milk's birthday party, Mike Webb, the popular KSFX disc jockey, played the disco hit "Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now" and dedicated it to Harvey's memory

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... most of the elected officials expressed shock and disgust at the Dan White verdict with the exception, of course, of White's good friend Lee Dolson, whose only comment was "I'm glad for White's wife and child". ... should we remind Dolson that Moscone also had a wife and children? ... Judge Calcano has set June 19 for White's sentencing. ...

Leonard Matlovich, a candidate for Supe in District 5, no doubt wishes he had never given that interview to the *Chronicle* in August of 1978 — Lenny said he was raised a Catholic but converted to the Mormon faith "when the Catholic Church started getting too liberal" (???). At one time, Matlovich continues, he was tempted to join the Ku Klux Klan (well, what else would you expect from one who believes the Catholic Church is too liberal?) ... Milton Marks' supporters giving up hope he will run for Mayor (but a lot of Milton's supporters would like him to take on Joe Freitas) ... ever think of how many of Harvey Milk's long-time enemies who never had anything good to say about him while he was alive now claim to have been "personal friends" (are you listening, Tom Edwards?) ... Mike Hennessey, an attorney with the Sheriff's Dept., will take a leave of absence from the Department to take on Gene Brown — Hennessey the choice of many of Dick Hongisto's supporters ... Ron Pelosi (if indeed he runs again) facing a strong challenge again this year from John Bardsis, the Inner Sunset Neighborhood activist who was runner-up for Supe last time in District 11. ...

Wayne Friday

Libertarian Announces for D.A. Race

Anti-trust attorney Bartholomew (Bart) Lee announced his candidacy for District Attorney at a news conference on the steps of City Hall on Tuesday morning, May 15. Lee is running as the candidate of the San Francisco Libertarian Party to unseat Joe Freitas.

Bart Lee is the author of the Libertarian Party's Vice Squad Abolition Initiative, which is now being circulated to put on the November ballot. He has been active in political and community affairs since 1962.

Lee prosecuted anti-trust cases in the Law Office of Fred Furth for five years before opening up his own law office last year. He has degrees in Law, Economics, Literature, and Philosophy and has considerable trial and administrative experience.

Lee plans to aggressively campaign against the incumbent Freitas. He will announce a platform of ending all prosecution of victimless crime laws and eliminating plea bargaining for violent crime cases.

D.A. Candidate Charges "Freitas Plays Politics With Dan White Prosecution Facts"

Arlo Smith, Senior Assistant Attorney General and candidate for District Attorney, has called upon Joe Freitas to stop playing politics with the office of District Attorney.

"If Freitas really has 'secret' or 'new' information justifying the prosecution of the Dan White trial he should immediately make that information public," Smith stated.

Smith urged Freitas to make the "alleged" information public after learning through a newspaper story that Freitas had privately told Supervisor Carol Ruth Silver that there was information vindicating the prosecution of the Dan White trial.

"It is appalling to me that the District Attorney would use such tactics in an attempt to prevent Supervisor Silver from defecting from his re-election campaign," Smith declared. This is typical of Joe Freitas' conduct throughout his term; that his personal political ambitions come first and the right of the public to know comes second.

"So far the District Attorney's

explanations for the inept prosecution have been totally inadequate," Smith stated. Noting that the District Attorney claimed that he did not realize that the defense would call several psychiatric experts, Smith said, "For the District Attorney not to anticipate the defense's strategy is incomprehensible. To not call a sufficient number of well-prepared psychiatric experts was inexcusable. He should have realized that this was not a 'Who done it' case but rather a 'Why' case."

"For Joe Freitas to attack the jury, then the jury system, then the law is totally irresponsible and unprofessional. Freitas is trying to divert public attention from his mishandling of the case," Smith concluded.

Smith has spent the past few months actively seeking Gay support. Up until the "red light abatement" harassment and the Dan White giveaway, Gays generally found Freitas "a natural." Since the verdict a "Dump Freitas" movement — along with the "Dump Dianne" movement — has surfaced. Smith moved rapidly to take advantage of the disaffection between the Gay community and Freitas.

Official Church Journal

Lutheran Theologian Says Gays in Long-Term Unions OK

PHILADELPHIA

The largest magazine of any denomination in the country has published an article advising Gay people to express their sexuality in long-term relationships of love and fidelity.

That is the conclusion of Dr. LeRoy H. Aden, a psychologist and professor of pastoral care at Lutheran Theological Seminary, Philadelphia. His article appeared in the May 2 edition of *The Lutheran*, biweekly magazine of the Lutheran Church in America (LCA). Several U.S. denominations are larger than the 3-million-member LCA, but no official church magazine has a larger circulation than *The Lutheran's* 600,000.

Dr. Aden's article is a remarkable one for an official church journal in that he finds any circumstances at all in which Gay sexuality can be properly expressed.

He does not contend that homosexuality isn't unnatural, since he views heterosexuality as God's intention for all humankind.

But, he concludes, "The church cannot expect the homosexual to change ... If homosexuals find abstinence unnatural, they should live in an enduring relationship of love and commitment with one other person. ...

"For whether we are male or female, homosexual or heterosexual, we need to regain the ability to give ourselves to a person in a relationship of lifelong fidelity. It is only in that kind of context that human sexuality can move toward its fullest realization and can achieve its deepest meaning. ...

"Love between persons of the same sex can be just as deep, tender, stable, intense and enduring as love between a man and a woman," he declared in the article, entitled "Homosexuality: What Can the Church Say?"

The question, however, remains to many contemporary Gays as to what constitutes a long-term sexual relationship.

Gay Parents OK — If Not Better

CHICAGO

A panel of researchers have concluded that no difference exists in the ability to be good parents between homosexuals and heterosexuals.

Contrary to expectations, in families where parents are open about their homosexuality, the researchers found that parents may have an even better relationship with their children.

Brian Miller, a southern Californian counselor, presented to an annual convention of the American Psychiatric Association a three-year study of 50 Gay fathers. Miller found that Gay fathers find that their children accept their homosexuality but wives are upset when they get the news.

Said Miller, "Children feel their Gay father's openness and honesty about his life bring them closer." Miller's study contradicts myths often employed in Gay parent custody cases. "These fathers neither molest their children, nor do they raise a disproportionate number of offspring who turn out to be Gay."

During the same symposium Dr. Martha Kirkpatrick, a teaching psychiatrist at UCLA, presented a study that compared 20 Lesbian mothers and their children with a similar group of divorced heterosexual mothers and offspring. Kirkpatrick found no inherent aberrations in Lesbian parenthood. She said Gays and Straights have the same problems, the same solutions, and lead similar lives.

Child psychologists who studied the children could not distinguish which children belonged to which group of mothers.

Gay Pride Week Condemned

HARRISBURG, PA

The Pennsylvania House, by a margin of 180 to 14, condemned Governor Dick Thornburgh's proclamation of a "Gay Pride Week." The resolution says that the proclamation honored "sexual deviates" and encourages people to break state law.

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The Church Street Station

Church at Market Streets in San Francisco

Womanalysis

Verdict

by Priscilla Alexander

VERDICT

Now that some of the dust has settled and I have had time to think and talk about the trial and its repercussions, it has become clear to me that it is not just a question of who was on the jury, or which psychiatrists said what. The cause of our despair is that a cold-blooded, well-planned political assassination was tried as if it was a crime of passion.

Dan White was the only member of the Board of Supervisors who could be relied on to vote in favor of the Police Officers Association; the white-male dominated, consistently reactionary organization that claims to represent the majority of police officers in this city. At the time that Dan White resigned his seat, the city was negotiating a lawsuit that had been filed by the Officers for Justice, the police organization that represents the minority officers, the National Organization for Women, and others. Dan White represented an important vote and, with his resignation, it became much easier for the more liberal members of the Board to settle the suit.

Moscone and Milk were key figures in the settlement of the lawsuit as well, and both favored a settlement that would bring more minorities and women into the police department, an anathema to the more fascistic members of the POA and its leadership.

Thus, when Dan White resigned, his backers, contributors, constituents in the POA put a great deal of pressure on him to take back his resignation.

After the assassinations, I heard that members of the POA had been talking about how good it would be if Moscone were "offed." My source did not know, for certain, if such statements had been made in the presence of Dan White, but did know that White had been negotiating on a daily basis with members of the POA about the lawsuit. Certainly it was widely reported in the press that some members of the police department were wearing "Free Dan White" t-shirts after the assassinations.

Meanwhile, last July a police officer who often warns Margo St. James about pending trouble, warned her that Moscone might be dead by December.

When I was on the KSNB Talkies last Sunday morning, Vincent Hallinan came on the show to defend Joseph Freitas. Originally, Freitas himself was supposed to be on the show, but he sent Hallinan in his place. On the air, he defended the use of psychiatrists to lay the groundwork for a defense based on the idea of diminished capacity. But when the microphones were off during a commercial break, and as he left the studio, Hallinan said that no district attorney can afford to take on the cops.

Two years ago, two police officers were accused of badly beating a prostitute, Janet Phillips. The right side of her face was totally smashed while she was waiting for the paddy wagon in a holding cell in the basement of the Hilton. The two officers, Craig Piro and Robert Rodriguez, were defended by the attorney who often represents police officers, and whose services are generally paid for by the Police Officers Association, Steven Bley. The prosecutor in that case was Peter Cling, a young, inexperienced attorney. Although a major contention of the defense was that it was a "Coyote conspiracy" for prostitutes to resist arrest, Cling never put Margo St. James, or anyone else, on the stand to refute the charge. Piro and Rodriguez were acquitted, just as Dan White was, for all intents and purposes.

The foot-dragging on the part of the District Attorney's office in the recent investigation of the incident at Peg's Place is another example of the way justice works when police officers are accused. Killing a police officer, or assaulting a police officer, on the other hand, are major and very serious offenses.

It seems to me that Joseph Freitas deliberately "threw" the case because it was politically unwise to take on the Police Officers Association.

Not only did Freitas and Assistant District Attorney Thomas Norman decide to ignore all of the political ramifications of the case (almost nothing was brought into evidence about the long history of political antagonism between White, on the one hand, and Milk and Moscone, on the other; not only was little evidence introduced of White's long history of homophobia; but no evidence was introduced by the prosecution to counteract the defense characterization of White as a "good" man who "snapped").

Frank Falzon, the friendly Police Inspector who "interrogated" Dan White right after the double assassination, and who produced the "confession" that so moved the jury, was the chief investigator for the prosecution, and sat at the prosecution table all during the trial. Since he was Dan White's close friend and former coach, it would be surprising if he did not know of White's political beliefs or his temper tantrums, but it is also surprising that he "uncovered" nothing to indicate that White was not a sweetheart who sometimes got depressed.

Even given all that, however, the least the District Attorney could have done was prevent a jury made up of conservatives, the persons most likely to think that the deaths of Moscone and Milk would help the city. The foreperson of the jury, George Mintzer, was an executive at Bechtel Corporation, a corporation that donated \$300 to White's campaign.

The least the D.A. could have done was match every juror who was either related to or had been a police officer in the past with someone who was either related to or was Gay. The least he could have done was to match every juror who favored the death penalty with one who opposed it. But no. Thomas Norman, supposedly the best Assistant District Attorney in San Francisco, exercised only three of 26 possible peremptory challenges, less than any D.A. I saw during my 18 months of jury duty. Either Thomas Norman is stupid, or he was told to act that way. Anyone who thought about it would have realized that in this instance, those who favored the death penalty were the most likely to agree with Dan White, while those who opposed it were the most likely to convict him. Norman actually excused two Blacks, an Asian, and a Gay man because they opposed the death

penalty.

Whatever else happens in the future, we must make sure that Joseph Freitas is not re-elected. We must not allow this city to be run by the Police Officers Association or by those who call their shots, the Chamber of Commerce, the Hotel Association, and the corporate think-tank, SPUR.

Gay Runs in Austin

Of more than passing interest to Houston's large Gay community was the recent municipal election in Austin. Fred Ebner, vice-chair of the Travis County Libertarian Party, became the first openly Gay candidate to run for office in the capital city.

In his first race for public office, Ebner was sponsored by the Government Reduction League, an organization designed to promote a truce between liberals and conservatives and thus end their attempts to use "government to gain advantage over each other." The GRL was founded by Terry Parker who gained notoriety several years ago by establishing a clothing-optional/liberated environment apartment complex in East Austin. According to the University of Texas at Austin's *Daily Texan*, at his New Manor Apartments residents "may do anything they like, such as go naked, copulate in the swimming pool, smoke pot, etc., so long as they do not physically aggress upon one another."

Ebner, a UT graduate, class of 1950, with a Master of Arts in government from Yale, came in second in a field of four with 10.5% of the nearly 50,000 votes cast. This showing was achieved at a phenomenal cost-effectiveness of 2.8 cents per vote, far less than the nearly \$1 per vote spent by the incumbent in his successful reelection bid, and far less than any other candidate for council. (Upfront)

Therapists to March

A separate contingent of Gay counselors and psychotherapists will be marching in this year's Gay Freedom Day Parade, June 24.

According to spokesman Joseph Brewer, "This will be the first time that those of us in mental health have organized as an independent group to march, celebrate, and let ourselves be visible."

Brewer continued, "It is important that we have a large contingent." The therapists will march under the banner of "Lesbian and Gay Psychotherapists and Counselors."

For more information phone Gary Walsh, 431-4585; Joseph Brewer, 885-2650, or Leon McKusick, 346-4646.

NO APOLOGIES

The following is a speech that was written and delivered by Guenn Craig, Vice President of the Harvey Milk Gay Democratic Club, at the May 29 meeting of that club:

I'd like to talk about: when people are pushed to the wall.

In order to understand last Monday night, I think you have to understand that the Dan White verdict did not occur in a vacuum — that there were and are other factors which contributed to a legitimate rage that was demonstrated dramatically at our symbol of Who's Responsible, City Hall.

Let's go back as far as Harvey Milk and George Moscone. I don't think I have to reiterate what their presence meant to us, and what their loss meant to us — and right here, when I say "us," I don't mean only Gay people, I mean all people who are getting less than they deserve — to all oppressed people in particular, to all San Franciscans as a whole, the assassinations of our friends Harvey and George were a crime against us all.

And then, at the same time that we were struggling to deal with our grief, and to analyze what changes would occur as a result of these murders, the results were coming in, in brutal detail. Attacks all too similar to the one that eventually killed our brother Robert Hillborough, began and kept coming. And when we turned to our protectors, the police, they seemed at best as what could be described as "inattentive."

And we began to hear of harassment by the police themselves as well. There was obviously an increased police presence on the streets of our neighborhoods, and people began to report that they were being unjustly hassled, and sometimes abused, and never treated with respect. And the police began appearing in our bars — officers that I personally questioned as to why they were holding up space at the door of Amelia's told me they were "just hanging out" — at the same time that punks were just hanging out, and looking out for some queers to beat up or stab.

And then our District Attorney turned his powers to harass us, to close some of our bars and businesses, under a seldom used weapon called "red light abatement."

And there weren't many who didn't know of the famous Peg's Place Incident, where marauding off-duty police MEN pushed their way into a Lesbian bar, causing damages and injuries. The women at the door thought that the solution was to call on Who's Responsible, the cops — and they were told, "WE ARE THE COPS" — the message came through loud and clear.

And it took our mayor two weeks to say that something

had happened that was wrong.

And still the cops patrolled our streets and hung out at our bars.

And all the time the Dan White Trial is going on, shouting from newspaper stands, and bleeping across our TV screens. And the jury is picked with startling speed, and no one is taken on who is Black, Asian, and GOD FORBID homosexual. One woman is turned away because she marched in the Gay Freedom Day Parade, even though she declares her heterosexuality. And we are beginning to say to each other, "Something is wrong; something is wrong."

About this time came the Feinstein Meeting, where our mayor met with Lesbians and Gay men representing a significant cross-section of our community, most of them elected officers in the largest and best-known organizations. And we told her that these things were happening, in a litany of details, specific accounts of the harassments and brutality. We told her that the Lesbians and Gay men we had come to speak for were feeling threatened, frightened, PUSHED TO THE WALL — we told her that George Moscone's pledge of the appointment of a Gay person to the Police Commission was never more needed — and we were denied. We still asked, and we told her that the least she could do was to speak out,

to show her support for our community, to show her outrage at what was happening in our community, and to be there for us — and NOTHING HAPPENED.

But the Trial was still opening, and the tears at the Hall of Justice were all for Dan White.

If all these things weren't fair warning, then the dress rehearsal on Castro Street, on a warm Saturday, ten days before the verdict, should have been enough of a premonition. Most of you have read about the Mini-Riot. Maybe some of you were there — numbers estimated in the hundreds. Our whistles brought those hundreds to the scene of what appeared to be yet another case of police harassment against one of our own. The paddy wagon came, and the police came in numbers with their nightsticks. The police pushed; the people pushed back. Chants went up — "Go Home! Go Home!" "Dan White was a cop!" "Dan White was a COP!" The police were turned away — that time. How must they have felt to have been turned away by a bunch of dykes and faggots?

The account of the mini-riot appeared in the back pages of the Sunday paper. One page one was a touching account of Dan White's fascination with Ireland's "terrible beauty" — and the feature ended by saying that there were three victims: George Moscone, Harvey Milk, and Dan White.

And while "the victim" sat in

the courtroom shielded by bullet-proof glass, we heard of policemen and firemen sporting "Free Dan White" t-shirts, and the same message began appearing in spray paint on walls around the city.

Were the Ones Who Are Responsible seeing these things? Hearing these things? Were they listening to us? Were they reading the papers? Do they understand about people being pushed to the wall?

Do they know about Stonewall? Do they know what happened when a bunch of Puerto Rican drag queens and some other queers said "Enough"? When they came to close the Stonewall, it was only another Gay bar to be harassed, but to the people inside, they were being Pushed To The Wall. The rest is our history — Do they know our history? Do they understand the lessons of history?

Do they know that this is only one year among hundreds of years that we have been treated as non-persons? We have a history of being pushed to the wall.

I guess they have their picture of history. I know that they have their picture of the present, and of the future, and to them WE DON'T BELONG IN

IT. There is no place in their picture for queers, and I know that there is no place for Black people, and no place for Asians, Hispanics, Native Americans, strong women, gentle men, people who believe in human rights before property rights, and people who have had the poor taste to show us their missing limbs and remind us that War Is Hell.

Sometimes people like Martin Luther King, and Robert Kennedy, and Susan B. Anthony, and Sojourner Truth, and Malcolm X, and Mother Jones, and Ron Kovic, and Harvey Milk — come along to give us a glimmer of hope, and give them a glimmer of truth, and fight to put us in that picture where we belong — and sometimes that hope and that truth get snuffed out.



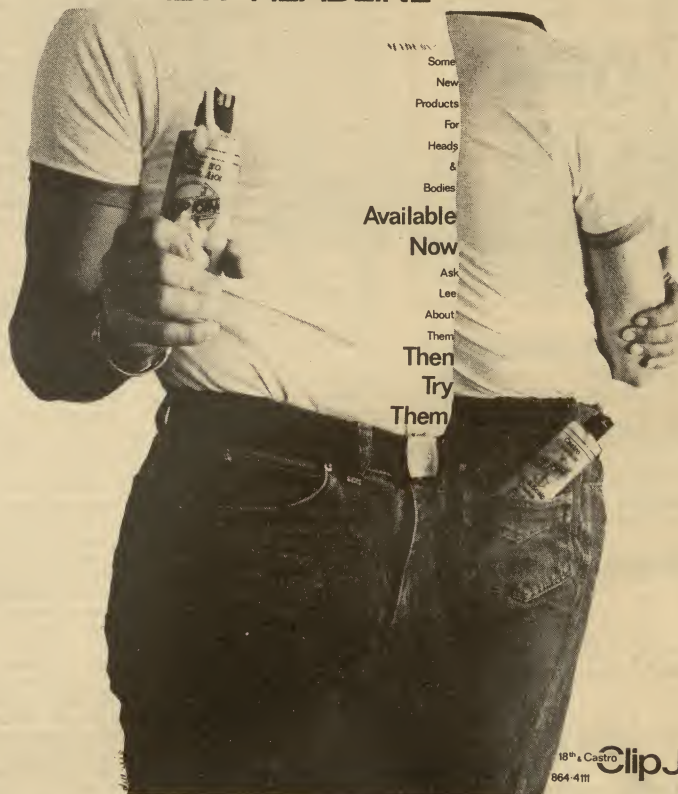
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The Men in My Life

Camping on the Isle of Capri

Paul-Francis Hartmann

PART II A MOMENT'S CORNUCOPIA

My father worked for the same firm for over 40 years, missing no more than 5 days in all that time. For that generation, this "stick-to-it-ness" registered near the top of

American public virtues. Similarly, a relationship — to qualify as meaningful — has to stand the test of time. We hear that short-term friendships, ones we can measure in hours and days, leave something to be desired. They are not as good as those measured in years and decades. We are told they are incomplete. I've often wondered why this attitude prevails and wonder if it isn't one more piece of garbage we persist in carting around.

On what basis are one-night stands inferior to ten-year sentences: they become of lesser value only when we treat them in that fashion. When I play back all the chance meetings, the brief hours of abandon, I find no significant reason to apologize, to regret. And I hope I always toast those occasional men who have filled by bowl, brim-full. Such a one was Max.

★ ★ ★

Livy repeatedly mentioned that Capri was overrun with STARS from every capital in the Western world. She changed her hair style for the third time and bought larger, darker sunglasses. My sister was having a marvelous time, and I didn't feel it was my place to knock her down a few rungs. Our forthcoming train trip (2nd class) from Naples to Venice would shatteringly return her to reality, to the world of people being grunt people. A far cry from the Capri games of people playing at being people. I had no aversion to celebrities; it just wasn't safe for me to wander too far or for too long from the Pensione's "facilities." The one evening I ventured forth up to the Piazzeta, for an hour, Arthur and Henry waved over to our table a decaying Broadway siren of the early 40's.

"Aren't you Luba Melina?" Henry asked, standing and extending his hand. She was enchanted someone remembered her so far from home. . . "Lo-oo-ba," as Henry pronounced her name, "you look absolutely marvelous." She declined an invitation to sit and join us, for she was in a rush to see Noel Coward about her part in his new play. Besides, standing gave her all the exposure and eye-attention to show off her escort, a strapping Dutch beauty . . . 15 years her junior. The 3rd Ave. boys giggled after she glided away into the steamy night that Lo-oo-ba, the broad from Red Hook, N.J., who came up with a Danubian accent and raven hair, the month after Hedy Lamar's ECSTASY became the underground film sensation. "Lo-oo-ba in a Coward play . . . what next?" Arthur commented.

"But you've got to admit, Arthur," Henry said, "she cer-

tainly looks fab-bu-u-lous. I don't know what discount furrier pawned that mink stole off on her. If her taste in clothes was as chic as her taste in men, there'd be no stopping her."

"If she descends on Coward with that pretty-as-a-picture in tow, she'll get the part . . . even if he has to make one up," returned Arthur who had a marvelous way of raising his left eyebrow whenever he wanted to be naughty. I got the feeling that Sir Noel was another competitive camp . . . and more often than not the winner in the long run. By now a group from the House of Dior had joined their table to ours (or I should say, Livy's). Arthur and Henry proceeded to make introductions all round (particularly with the curly-haired photographer). I suddenly had to excuse myself to get down the hill to the w.c.

The next morning Livy told me we had been invited to Paris. "Wouldn't you like to go?"

"But we've only just been there," I said.

"Yes, but we've got all those French Francs." True. I had sent Livy \$400 to cash into Francs before she left the U.S. Livy followed the instructions . . . sending them to Verona which I had already left to meet her in Paris. At the time she said, "I sent them to Italy because I didn't have any more room in my suitcase. You said to send them. . ."

Livy and her troop (which had grown to platoon size) had planned to picnic at the island's Roman ruins, The Villa Jovis; I chose to stay behind. I could get around now, but Capri had cast its own kind of spell over me. I had grown to feel for the island in my many hours of solitude. I enjoyed her most when I was alone. After lunch I settled myself into a chaise longue at poolside with a guide book on Switzerland (our next stop). The afternoon was hot and enervating. I read listlessly . . . dozed . . . tried to return to the glowing accounts of charming chalets and fat cows clanging their way home to make cheese. . . The sun burned away at thoughts of Alps and eiderdowns, and I slept some more. When I awoke, I had a distinct, not too pleasant feeling that I was being watched.

The terrace was empty. I twisted around to look up at the hotel. Nobody. The windows were blank; the balconies bare. I began to scrutinize the hill on my right, from the top down to where the terrace wall cut off my view. Next the gardens and verandas off on my left, slowly, apprehensively. On a higher terrace I spied a solitary figure. I sat up in my chair.

Once recognized, he moved away and then appeared again further down the hill, leaning over a wall. Nearer now and still staring down on our patio. I let my sunglasses slip to tip of my nose and squinted over their tops. He was tall; the latening sun glistened off his hair. He was richly blond. The

book dropped from my lap as I sat higher and stretched my neck.

He came down a flight of stairs and leaned against a rugged cypress, only a ravine away and still staring. I turned around again . . . no one, only the occasional flutter of a curtain on the upper balconies. Taking off my glasses, I slid to the edge of the lounge. He moved again. I stood up and walked to the end of our terrace for a closer view. He was young. I continued down to the property's outer wall. He was sensational, and my stomach did a leap frog. We were close now . . . like two people across a street, each on his own front porch. We held those positions, fixed, trance-like . . . much too long for neighbors. Who would surrender his hill first? He nodded and smiled. I hurried toward the side gate in the lower garden as he moved down toward the cobbled path that divided our worlds. I was shaking because quite simply he was the most beautiful human being I had seen up to that point in my life!

Max spoke no English and I spoke no German so we had to make do with our smattering of tourist Italian and textbook French. I made out that he was a soloist with the Hamburg Ballet but worked mostly with several film studios. He was on Capri for the month with his mother and younger brothers. He had seen me before at the Cafe San Justo. We made a date to meet at midnight — hoping by then we'd have satisfied our dinner obligations and shaken our respective families. I had landed my own, my first STAR!

★ ★ ★

The rest of the day I was half out of my head, at one minute cosy inside myself, the next flushed with expectation. My stomach bit back all through dinner; the minutes limped by. Back at the hotel in our room, I waited for Livy's first sign of some bedtime preparations. I hid behind a magazine as first she chose to wash some underthings, then to rearrange her suitcase. Knowing if I mentioned anything about going out she'd be ready in a flicker, I kept a curious silence — while growing ever more anxious. When she had wound in the first hair roller, I made my move. "I think I'll step out for a breath of air. . ." It sounded like Cary Grant in some 30's movie. What other line was there? "I'm going around the corner for some smokes."

"Air?" Livy repeated, "at this hour? What's the matter with the breeze rushing through the balcony doors?"

"I'm just not sleepy," I snarled, hoping my sounding bad tempered would get her to let me go gladly . . . to get rid of me. It worked. I casually eased myself out of the room then rushed downstairs and across the patio to the lower gate. My pumpkin hour was upon me. . .

"I thought you might not come," Max said softly and slowly; apparently he had

RICK L. MANRING

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practiced some English.

"Ma no, caro mio. Que hora e?"

"Vous etes a l'heure," Max replied. "Andiamo." The moon's luminescence had turned Max's light hair and white sweater softly aglow, and my White Knight in shining armor led me down the path to the beach below.

The shore line was rocky and the water lapped against slippery ledges and eddied into crevices and back pools. There was an unpleasant seaweed smell. We sat for a while atop a large outcropping rock until it grew too chill and damp. Letting myself down, I slipped and scraped my right ankle on the razor-sharp barnacles. Max cut his hand. We moved into one of the gaping recesses along the shore. I pressed Max against the cavern's wall. Shortly he had to push me away, for water trickling down the wall began to splash on Max's shoulder and run down his back. I didn't mind too much because the golden STAR was reeking of garlic. Neapolitan garlic!

We walked along the beach, a bed of potato and melon-sized stones, looking for a spot. We lay down, side by side

(there was no point of one being on top of the other; it was agony as it was). By this time the moon had gone behind thick clouds, and it had turned decidedly cold. We heard something scurry across the stones. The something slithered over my bare foot, and I jumped up bellowing. The next thing we knew it had begun to mist.

It was all over. Amused and a bit sad, we went back up the hill. I left Max at the lower gate, promising to try another time. As it was, Livia and I sailed from Capri the following afternoon.

With a STAR locked in my heart's memory, the slimy, acrid kelp, the garlic breath, the bruising beach rocks grow ever fainter, and yet an ink-black Mediterranean, the opalescent beams gilding the pink and white roses. Golden Max, sun-brushed as if he had stepped from Phaeton's chariot. Those moon-drenched pictures remain and grow ever brighter. And while we made no planet, no mere celestial star stop in its orbit (to gaze a moment in awe), for the briefest second we outraced gravity's pull and bit away at Time's power.

Paul-Francis Hartmann



The Greek island of Hydra, a short 2-hour ferry ride from Athens.

comfortable seat on board. The bar was open and I was able to start my day with a cup of coffee. (Ask for "Nescafe" if you want American coffee and not the small cup of strong Greek coffee.)

As we got out into the deep water and the sun got higher in the sky, I went out on the deck and relaxed in the glorious sea air, soaking in the sun. The ferry is quite comfortable and the ride is smooth. We docked

at Poros, a conical island with the typically Greek jumble of white-washed building piled above the harbor. It looked like a great place to overnite or just spend the whole day, but I was headed for the next island, Hydra. We arrived there only two and a half hours out from Piraeus.

Hydra is a unique island; its harbor was familiar to me from many of the cruise and Greek brochures on display at my agency. The ferry pulls right up to the harborside cafes. During its heyday, Napoleon's time, the population reached more than 30,000 people. Now the population is under 3,000! The harbor is pretty, complete with a cathedral, sidewalk cafes, quality and cheap handicrafts and souvenirs, and — the School for Training Merchant Navy Officers. And most unique of all — there are no cars on the island.

Wander Lust

Greek Sun and Sail

by A. Marc Leventhal

Many Gays go to Greece to enjoy the sun, as there are many lovely beaches only a short drive outside Athens on the main road to Cape Sounion.

The first big resort is the beach and yacht basin at Glyfada. Further south is the resort of Vouliagmeni. Here is one of the great resort hotels of the world, the Astir Palace Hotel. Beyond Vouliagmeni, the coast road twists around rocky coves and beaches, leaving most of the hotels and cafes behind. Once you begin this part of the drive, you will come to the first cove which is the so-called Gay beach which is very popular once summer starts. If you drive on past you will come to the next resort, Varkiza. I took the bus out to Varkiza this April and was able to lay out in the glorious sun for hours after stopping at a local general store for some yogurt and cheese for lunch.

It is the islands that make Greece what it is. Last year I described the excitement of exploring some of the islands (Santorini, Crete, Mykonos, Patmos, and Turkish ports). These were via cruise ship, but most of the islands are serviced by ferry or air, several islands very close to Athens requiring but short day trips are easy to handle.

If you can't afford a cruise around the islands, you might

wheel your appetite, at least, by sampling nearby islands on a one-day cruise from Athens' port and visit the islands of Aegina, Poros, and Hydra. For under \$30 you can be picked up at your hotel in Athens and transported to your cruise ship, the Saronic Star. Then arrive at your first port o' call, Aegina, where you can swim at leisure at the beach for several hours. Lunch is served on board as you sail for the picturesque port of Poros. Stroll and shop at this lovely port, and then cruise on to Hydra. All the while cruising, you can enjoy the sun on the decks or in the swimming pool. The bars and lounges are attractive. Not bad for a day sampling the Grecian islands. You can even overnite on Aegina for under \$30 additional — including meals!

I had plans to stay several days on Hydra with friends. As a Travel Agent, I wanted to see how easily my clients could get around on their own in Greece, so I decided to get to the island on my own. I took the subway from Athens to the port of Piraeus. No problem — I just followed some sailors. I also brushed up on the basic Greek alphabet so I could more easily read the names of the subway stops. I arrived in Piraeus and had to find the ferry. Local dockworkers spoke English and pointed me in the right direction. No problem at the dock as I bought my inexpensive ticket, and found a nice



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The Real World

by Gene

UPCOMING CORONATION DATES

SAUSALITO: Court of the Two Turtles, June 23, 8:00pm till midnight. Theme, "Victory at Sea." A floating celebration, Coronation I will be held aboard the Angel Island Ferry, leaves at 8:00pm sharp from Sausalito Ferry Terminal, limited reservations. Call Two Turtles, 332-4938, for reservations. Price: \$10.

RENO: Coronation on Saturday, June 30, MGM Grand Hotel.

SAN JOSE: 12th Election Coronation, Imperial Royal Grande Casa, St. Claire Hotel, 8:00pm.

SACRAMENTO

July 3 is the date Mom . . . Guess What . . . Sacramento's only Gay newspaper, will present its first annual Gay night at the Harness Races, Cal Expo, 6:00pm for cocktails, 7:00 for dinner and 7:45 post time. Cost is \$15 for everything or \$6 per person for entrance into Turf Club and Gate Pass (no dinner). Contact MGW at BOX 161929, Sacramento, CA 95816.

June 9 Lady Garnet will sponsor a Flea Market Carnival at the Hide 'n' Seek, 825 Sunset Ave., W. Sacramento, from 1:00 to 6:00pm. Festivities include a hot chicken buffet served at 7:00pm, happy hours from 1:00 till 6:00, and disco dancing at 9:00. Cost is \$2 for the buffet, and raffle

tickets are 5 for \$1. Half of all monies taken in will go to Queen Mother Jeanne's Love and Care Inc., the home for elderly Gays and their parents.

SAN JOSE

June 9 is the date for the Cowboy/Cowgirl Hoedown at Blackberry Farm, from 10:00am till 5:00pm. Tickets are \$5 in advance from the Daybreak Lounge or T.D.'s. Also on the 9th, the Desperados will hold a 1959 Senior Ball (that's right, 1959!) starting at 9:00pm. Call 374-0260 for further information. Gays as Parents will have a potluck also on the 9th; call Sandi at 247-4151 or Harry at 279-4892 for further information.

June 10 Dee Good and Lee Stanford will present "Hawaii Today" at the Toyon, with a special dinner and show by Bishop and Company. Admission is \$5 at the door; monies will go to Lambda Association, San Jose Gay Community Building Fund, MCC-San Jose Building Fund, and the San Jose effort for the March on Washington. In fact, all functions that Lee and Dee sponsor will be done with the monies going to the above-listed associations.

June 17 a Fund-Raising Party for the Gay Freedom Day Rally will be held at Tea Leaves and Coffee Restaurant, 618 Town & Country Village. Tickets are \$5 advance and \$6 at the door. For your donation you will get a delicious brunch, an auction and door prizes. Also on the 17th, Leilani will present her 3rd Annual Daddy's Show at the T.D., 7:30pm. The entire Polynesian Court will be on hand; admission is \$3.

June 19 there will be a roasting of Lee Stanford and Dee Good at the Toyon at 7:00pm with popular local celebrities such as Sal Accardi (he should be the one getting roasted), June Bug, and a host of others.

June 23 is the date for San Jose's Gay Freedom Day starting at Noon at St. James Park. Guest star Pat Bond will be on hand as well as Assemblyman Art Agnos. There will be booths, games and assorted entertainment for your pleasure. That same evening,

Mr. & Miss Gay San Jose will present a Victory Dance & Dinner. \$5 door donation, and special guest Brenda of Sacramento will be on hand to entertain you. It all happens at 7:00pm at MCC Church, 160 N. 3rd Street.

HAYWARD

David and Johnny will present a Hawaiian Night on Saturday, June 16, with a show at 10:00pm and a buffet. Admission is \$3.50 at the door at the Get-A-Way.

Congratulations to Steve Childers, Gay Sheriff II of Hayward, and his court.

MODESTO

Saturday, June 16, Empress III Marlana will present Modesto's Annual Closet Ball at the Elk's Lodge with dinner at 7:00pm and the ball starting promptly at 8:00pm. Lots of entertainment on hand to keep things jumping. For information call (209) 527-0905.

OAKLAND with Nez Pas

The 73rd Ave. Baths will be holding a potluck party on Saturday, June 23, 3:00 to 7:00pm, around their beautiful pool. You may call 638-9767 for information on what to bring. They are offering a \$1 discount to all customers during Gay Pride Week.

The Zephyr is having a carnival, a benefit for their Gay Freedom Day float. The back lot as well as the inside of the bar will be transformed into a wild and crazy midway of fun. There will be games, contests, special raffles (including tickets for a Donna Summer concert), dinners, new albums, and the like, as well as clowns, dancing, and featuring top entertainer Diana Caprelli. Time is 2:00pm to 2:00am on Saturday, June 9.

Friendship Inn, located at 490 W. MacArthur Blvd., now has new Gay managers, Mickey and Jean. They will donate \$1 per person to the Eddie Paulson Muscular Dystrophy Fund if you mention Nez Pas or B.A.R. In addition, they will give you a discount on your room.

Don't forget the Lake Merritt Hotel dining room, along with manager Chuck and the excellent staff. They offer fine food and one of the nicest views of the lake in Oakland. . . Be sure to watch for the 1st Year Anniversary of the Lake Lounge and Lancers. The Lake Lounge will honor Tony Valentine on June 23, 8:30pm — donation is \$3 for the Alameda County Imperial Empire.

Celebrities on hand will include Hayward's Gay Sheriff II Steve Childers, Duke of Hearts Stan Chapman, and a host of others. The evening will include a show and buffet.

At the recent dinner for the Eddie Paulson Muscular Dystrophy Fund held at the Revol, Chef Victor and staff outdid themselves. Dinner was superb — and of special note, all the waiters DONATED their talents for the evening. \$1,090 was raised, including a \$100 donation from Pete and Ralph of the Revol. You would have to go a long way to be served better or to have had a finer meal.

Nez Pas is saddened to learn of the death of Rick Hoffman, formerly of the House of Harmony and most recently of the Club 99 in Reno. We give our sincere sympathy to his special friend Mark and all of his many other friends.

Spotlight on the Hayward Kockettes

By Gene

The Hayward Kockettes, a legend in their own time, got their start about ten months ago. A group of men out to have a little fun. Their home base is the Turf Club in Hayward. They appear at most all Hayward and East Bay functions and can always be counted on to provide their audience with outrageous, fun entertainment. They dress in costumes akin to a drag scene from the old "Hogan's Heros" TV show and put on skits, some of which you might have seen before — but not the way they do them. The Kockettes can be had for as little as \$1.98 per member per function, but they even forgo this fee if they appear at a charity or benefit.

Some of the more active members include La La, Lo La, Pawla, Flo, Tokyo Rose and Carmaletta. These names might sound a little crazy, but then the Kockettes only guarantee two things: they will show up in a group of at least five performers, and they will have you rolling in the aisle with laughter most of the time.

Valley Knights Maiden Run

The Valley Knights M/C of Sacramento will join San Fran-

cisco's G.D.I. Club and the Serpents M/C of San Francisco in what is billed as the "Late, Late, Late Rerun" Run. The run will be held June 15-17 in the beautiful Eldorado National Forest, up Sacramento way. This year there will be trophies for 1st and 2nd place in heavy, medium, and light buddy and bike events, great food and a complete show that is not to be believed. Additional awards

will be given out for best campsite and best costume.

Cost for the weekend is \$39 and provides you with events, meals, and all the booze you can drink. Applications are available in your favorite South of Market (S.F.) bar or from any Valley Knight, S.F.G.D.I. or Serpent — or you may call 543-2256 and ask for Lou Greene.

Gay to Head State Human Rights Ass'n

SANTA CLARA

David P. Steward, Chairperson of the Santa Clara County Human Relations Commission, was elected President of CAHRO (California Association of Human Rights Organizations) at their annual statewide conference in Palo Alto, May 18-20. CAHRO is the parent organization of the majority of human rights/relations commissions in California and also contains within its membership other allied human rights groups.

Steward, 36, is the founder and coordinator of The Pearl Project, a county-wide treatment program for Gay alcoholics.

Steward is the only openly Gay public official in Santa Clara County, and one of the few openly Gay state officials. He is a founding board member of the Santa Clara Coalition for Human Rights and was Director of Counseling for Metropolitan Community Church of San Jose.

Steward is a graduate of the University of Missouri, and San Jose State University School of Social Work, where he received his master's in 1977.

A former schoolteacher and school administrator, Steward feels that the present is a crucial time for the defense of human rights. "To many in the Post-Proposition 13 era, equality of opportunity is considered a luxury. Others are just using the passage of Proposition 13 as justification for already existing and largely unquestioned racism, classism, and sexism."

Steward's election as Chairperson of the Santa Clara County HRC was unanimous, as was his election as CAHRO Chairperson. Steward states he "is grateful to be judged on my abilities and not on my sexuality as would have been the case a few years ago, or even now in other geographical locales."

Although Dave Steward is now single, he is presently hoping "to find a lover, to settle down and to become more of a homebody."

Steward's master's thesis, which is scheduled to be published soon in book form, is entitled "Out of the Closets: A Quarter Century of Change in the Gay Identity."

East Bay Gay Day

Jon Sugar, featuring rock & roll, raunch & rouge, comedy poetry, satire & commentary, is only one of many great known Bay Area performers helping celebrate East Bay Gay Day at Ho Chi Minh/Willard Park in Berkeley on Father's Day, June 17. Last year over 1,500 people were in attendance. This year an even larger crowd is expected.

This year's program includes Bobby Kent, Tommy Goodman, Meg Christian, Woody Simmons and more. Speakers include Anne Kronenberg, Harry Britt, and Gus Newport, Berkeley's new mayor who may proclaim June

17 as Gay Day. This program is sponsored by the Pacific Center. For more info, call Carol or Craig at 444-5555.

Transsex Teacher Reinstated

PHILADELPHIA

U.S. District Judge Donald Van Arsdalen has ordered reinstated a 27-year old transsexual art teacher, Jenelle Ashlie, who had been fired from her job in Media, Delaware County, Pennsylvania. The order, however, put Ashlie on a suspended status.

According to Philadelphia's Gay News, Ashlie was fired

one month after her sex change operation because of "incompetency, immorality and other improper conduct, all of which are potentially psychologically damaging to students."

The school board has been given 30 days to schedule a hearing and grant Ashlie \$10,000 back pay and fringe benefits.

Ashlie told Gay News, "I am the first teacher to be reinstated in the country, but it's not really definite. All the judge did was rule that my constitutional rights had been violated because I was dismissed . . . without a hearing."

Ashlie also has a \$12 million defamation of character suit filed against the school board,

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ENTERTAINMENT

Tales of Tessi Tura

N.Y. Stage:

"Popping Pussies into Pies"

by George Heymont

Whenever a new work of daring creativity hits the stage, an odd side effect takes place. Critics quickly jump at the chance to overanalyze it in an attempt to reassure the public of the viability of their dramatic insight. In the case of Stephen Sondheim's *SWEENEY TODD*, the press went so far in overclassifying the show as a Brecht-Weill style opera and warning readers about the "horrific gore" onstage that they almost scared away the audience. As a result, *SWEENEY* has been hanging on for dear life in recent weeks, playing to partially filled houses. Audiences nervously enter the Uris Theatre, worrying if they will have to flee for their very own lives. In a matter of weeks the show will sweep the Tony awards. Business will be assured, people will feel it is safe to see the show, and Sondheim's show will enjoy a decent run. It damn well deserves it!!

Sondheim is noted for his complex writing, intricate word plays and musical jokes. Here he has a solid book and some rare characters to play with. Underscoring his music are Jonathan Tunick's brilliant orchestrations. They capture the raucous moments of blood-thirstiness and undercurrents of lurid grime in 19th century London with uncanny precision. Yet out of the squalor of London's gutters comes Sondheim's most lyrical score to date. The soaring melodies of his ballads far outweigh his bitter sarcastic patter numbers.

Len Cariou heads the cast as the demonic Todd, his friendly razors dripping "precious rubies." His performance is that of a man possessed by anger, revenge, and fetishistic glee as he slits throats with a clean, joyful precision. At his final exit he angrily slams a door in the audience's face, cementing the mood of the show.

His partner in crime is the resourceful Nellie Lovett (who boasts of baking the worst pies in London). When Todd's victims supply tastier pie fillings than the local alleycats, business takes a turn for the better and the pies become the rage of London. As Mrs. Lovett, Angela Lansbury has created another one of her unique musical characterizations. Two

ing new ground. Sondheim and his director, Harold Prince, have billed the show as a musical thriller, and that is exactly what it is. There is one moment which sends the audience rising out of their seats with the same scare and suspense achieved by some of the best cuts in *JAWS*. Throughout, the show has been crafted with keen skill

companies. That way, they are assured of staying in the literature of active musical theater, and providing necessary employment for singing actors.

I caught two performances which were remarkably different. At the Wednesday matinee the audience was

mostly hesitant blue-haired ladies who were worried that they might toss their cookies at the sight of fake blood. The Sunday show had the audience rooting for the cast. The company responded heartily, delivering a knockout performance. No matter how you approach the show, *SWEENEY TODD* is



Mrs. Lovett (Angela Lansbury) and Tobias (Ken Jennings) reassure each other that "Nothing's gonna harm you" in a chilling moment in Stephen Sondheim's brilliant new work, *SWEENEY TODD, THE DEMON BARBER OF FLEET STREET*.

years ago she expressed the desire for a new role that would be a challenge to her skills. This show gave her the workout she sought, and she admits the role is more exhausting than *GYPSY*. Because of Sondheim's intricate score, it was also the hardest music for her to learn in her entire career. The score stretches her vocal limits to their maximum, demanding fast, demonic patter songs, and tender ballads in a voice she has rarely used before. Her cavernous eyes work with the same long-range effectiveness as Carol Channing's teeth. They can deliver a taut message to the audience in crystal clear terms. Yet she is devilishly funny; driven by her own lust for Mr. Todd, and her slovenly practicality in her desire to keep the business healthy.

The big debate which has arisen since the show opened is whether it should be categorized as an opera, a folk opera, or just a daring musical break-

in all phases of design, staging and performance. Rather than try to fit it into a pre-existing category, why not accept *SWEENEY TODD* as it is: a thrilling piece of musical entertainment. It defines its own ground and can be judged only by its own rules. There are small quibbles one could make: the monstrous set (although a knockout) might have been built for half a million dollars less. The effect might have been lost, but at a certain point one must ask: Do you want to compromise the concept or take a bigger risk for a complete sweep of artistic triumph?

What happens after *SWEENEY* ends its Broadway run? The new program for Opera-Musical Theatre being funded by the National Endowment for the Arts should attempt to keep works like *SWEENEY TODD*, *SHE LOVES ME*, *THE MOST HAPPY FELLA*, and other near-operatic musicals in the repertoire of regional opera

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—MARK TOPKIN, *B.A.R.*

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a stroke of genius in musical theater concept and, (if you'll pardon the pun), very cleanly executed, indeed!

George Heymont

Film: ALIEN EXPENSIVE MONSTER MOVIE

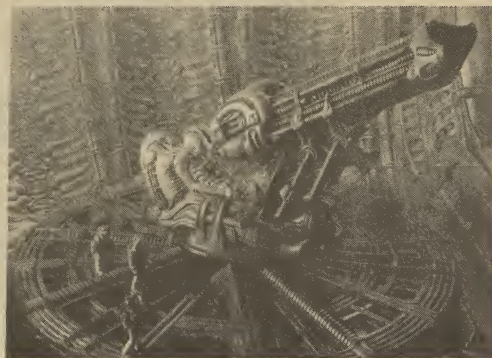
Don't let the \$10 million glossy budget fool you. Don't let the glorious, well done 6-track stereo soundtrack and 70mm widescreen hoodwink you. ALIEN is nothing more than a 1950's monster movie, complete with simplistic plot, wooden characters, flashy special effects, and enough deja-vu motifs to keep you guessing where you saw this before.

Ridley Scott, the director, whose first film was the beautiful THE DUELISTS, started in the business as a maker of television commercials so he knows how to manipulate to sell the product — in this case, terror and horror. Because we've become so jaded by Hollywood megaproductions and increasingly sophisticated film technology, Scott had to come up with something that would scare the bejezus out of us — jolt us, not make us laugh. The alien monster seems to be the culmination of market research. They have taken every quirky element that scares people and put it all into one package — a monster so gross, so offensive, so frighteningly full of menace that my fingers (with chewed up nails) ripped through the foam lining upholstery of the theater seat.

The terror begins, as always, and mounts with typically effective music (by Jerry Goldsmith) both leading the way and detouring us with red herrings.

The story begins in outer space onboard the Nostromo, a commercial space-tug. The crew of seven men and women are on their way back to Earth but are then given new instructions to investigate signals — perhaps from extraterrestrial life — that Earth has been receiving. The crew comes upon a seemingly uninhabitable planet and send down a search party to investigate the now loud signal. To find an abandoned spaceship, mammoth in size, with fossilized crew members. And then, one member discovers some eggs that seem to be alive. Quite alive in fact, as one opens up and latches itself on a crew member's face. To save his life back at the ship, the mandatory quarantine is broken. The "thing" on his face has blood of sulphuric acid and a hideous body. As the crew discovers the "thing," — this Alien — changes form so they never know exactly what they are looking for; they do know that it has killed members one by one. It's a battle until the end — the Alien vs. humans.

There's a touch of INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS and STAR



ALIEN — "A Saturday matinee movie; a piece of fluff with all the content of the overpriced popcorn." — Michael Lasky

WARS here with allusions to 50's classics as THE BLOB and IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE. Similarly, there are unbelievable character motivations which make imbeciles out of supposedly super-intelligent individuals. But we put up with these because, after all, this is science fiction. We paid \$4 to be terrified, not lectured — to be entertained, not enlightened. The makers of ALIEN know this and have apparently no qualms about leaving in

things that annoy anyone with an IQ of 50 or higher.

The slick ads for ALIEN pronounce: "In Space No One Can Hear A Scream." In the theater you can, and the scream you most likely hear first will be your own. And like a rollercoaster, you'll walk out feeling exhilarated, yet somehow slightly ripped off.

Michael Lasky

Pop: Up, Coming & Choice

By Adam Block

TUXEDO MOON, NOH MERCY: San Francisco's most powerful art-rock band produce a terrifying, exhilarating urban soundtrack when they don't fall prey to lame posturing. The two women in Noh step out with danger in their teeth when they don't stomp their material. (Eureka Theatre, June 8&9, Midnight, \$3)

RAMONES: The original three chord wonders are probably the world's funniest, most exuberant rock ensemble. By now these suckers are senior statesmen, and, yeah, the cute one is gabba-gabba-gay. KSN and BAM pick up the tab, so don't miss this. (Civic Center Plaza, June 9, Noon, FREE)

PEARL HARBOR, SIMPLETONES: Pearly and the inimitable Explosions are the hottest team on the club circuit. The Rockabilly-Ronettes sounds are available on their new single, "Drivin," and they should slap the Mab silly. The Tones are 16 year olds from L.A. who do surf-punk and boast a sun-bleached single — "California" and "I Like Drugs." (Mabuhay Gardens, June 9, 11:00pm, \$4)

MINGUS DYNASTY: Of all the tributes to the late jazz bassist, this could well be the winner with former sidemen Curson, Handy, Farrell, Knepper, Haden, Pullen, and Richmond joining forces at SF's most handsome hall. (Great American Music Hall, June 9, 9:00&11:30, \$7)

ETTA JAMES, CHAS. MUSSELWHITE: Etta is the gutsiest, raunchiest mama around, capable of flights of heartrending splendor to boot. She's back, without a label, playing the kind of gut-bucket club that she takes to with unabashed glee. Musselwhite remains one of the great blues harp players. Duets? (Keystone Berkeley, June 9, 8:00&11:00, \$5)

PENETRATION, AVENGERS: KSN's Heretics present a top-ranked English new-wave band, as fierce as the Buzzcocks but catchier yet, with the local A team still keeping the faith; a rare and promising bill. (Old Waldorf, June 13, 8:00&11:00, \$5.50 adu/\$6.50 day of show)

PEARL HARBOR, PSYCHOTIC PINEAPPLE: The irrepressible Pearl again in a toney setting, with wacky show-openers she requested. (The Boarding House, June 14, 8:30&11:00, \$4)

ROCHES, FATHER GUIDO SARDUCCI: The three singing sisters are the toast of New York, with eccentric unadorned harmonies and deceptively simple lyrics about independence and panic. The sound is somewhere betwixt Irish barmails and summer camp cutesy. The opener is via Saturday Night Live, aka Don Novello. (The Boarding House, June 15-17, 8:30&11:00, \$7.50)

RANDY HANSEN'S MACHINE GUN: This gent's tribute cum impersonation of Jimi Hendrix is so successful that these gigs will be recorded by David Robinson and F.F. Coppola for a live lp. (Old Waldorf, June 15&16, 8:00&11:00, \$6.50 adu/\$7.50 door)

ESTHER PHILLIPS: The great burnt edged voice with a whiskey finish returns, heiress to Dinah Washington, and a stunning interpreter in her own right. (The City, June 21-24, 9:00&11:00, \$7.50)

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Stage: BELLS ARE RINGING

OR MERELY TINKLING

Civic Light Opera opened its 1979 season with one of the great hit musicals of the mid 1950's. Unfortunately, CLO revived the body but not the soul. The first act was a yawn, and the second, while more flashy, was no more enthralling. In a phrase, this production never ignited.

The trouble was chiefly with the principals — no one connected. Florence Henderson, try as she might contrive, never



Florence Henderson in *BELLS ARE RINGING* at the Orpheum Theatre May 29-July 7. This belle seldom rings.

convinced one first-nighter at the Orpheum that she remotely recreated the ding-a-ling switchboard operator from Bayridge, Brooklyn. Ella Peterson was never the girl next door, nor the Bryn Mawr coed. Ella was a clutz, a comic oaf. Florence Henderson — while all along in good voice — was the refined and polished leading lady. *BELLS*, written for the late comedienne Judy Holiday, is largely a one woman show, does not require a plastic superstar, nor a trained soprano — just a waif who can intrude herself among the audience's heartstrings.

Leading man Dean Jones, whose role at best is never much more than a foil, should rest on his laurels as a star of

the Walt Disney Studios. He is Hollywood plastic — totally characterless.

The production calls for singers and dancers who never really danced and while singing with gusto, seemed oddly superfluous. The movement of sets in and out of place (there are 14 scenes in the first act) took much too much time, and they weren't that good nor that necessary.

The Jule Styne music — some of the most fetching in the American musical comedy repertoire — remained the high point in the show. Still highly melodic, clever, amusing and heartstring-tuggers. They were all there. A lot else was missing and what was displayed was sadly mechanical.

Paul-Francis Hartmann

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Theatrics at Bimbo's

Theatrics, a leading talent agency, will present an unprecedented Evening of Entertainment at Bimbo's on June 22 and 23. The evening is entitled "Nightlife" and will be the first time in San Francisco that three different forms of entertainment have been presented in one Evening.

NIGHTLIFE in Three Sensational Acts:

Act One: A theatrical stylized fashion show performed to disco music. Sets are changed with the clothing. Featured are summer and fall clothes.

Act Two: The one-act play "Noon" by Terrance McNally who also wrote "The Ritz." The fun starts when five people who have all answered one sex ad arrive at a loft at "Noon." The person they are supposed to be meeting is not there. The talented cast are Kent Wells, Terry Ross, Don Buck and Esther Godinez and Rick Laubsher.

Act Three: Dramatic cabaret singer Monica Lee on return from a successful Canadian tour will perform. Her contemporary pop songs will round out this innovative evening of entertainment.

Showtime is 8:00pm. Tickets are \$7.50 and are available at the door or from Theatrics, 165 O'Farrell St., Suite 403-404, 781-5380.

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Kent Wells, appearing in *NOON* by Terrance McNally, a Theatrics production now at Bimbo's on Columbus.

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Stage: Ballad of the Sad Cafe

MEAGER FARE

BALLAD OF THE SAD CAFE is sad. Downright dreary. Especially when given as unspectacular a production as San Francisco Repertory Company's.

The drama of Edward Albee's adaptation of Carson McCullers' story is in the intensity of the love-hate relationships of its three major characters: Miss Amelia loves Cousin Lyman who loves Marvin Macy

who loves Miss Amelia. All of which is stated directly in the writing and too little of which comes through strongly enough in this production.

The fault lies in the unevenness of the tension accomplished in the playing of this oddball arrangement of misadventure, especially in the less-than-adequate casting of the pivotal role of Miss Amelia Evans. Linda D. Powell, in her quiet moments quite touching, lacks the necessary luster and displays none of the ferocious earthiness or deep sensuality the role requires.

Likewise, too little of the demonic side of Cousin Lyman

is evident in Robert Lerman's performance until much too late. Thus, while Michael O'Sullivan runs at high gear to the point of seeming to overact the part of Marvin Macy, the entire show collapses due to weak foundation.

BALLAD is a difficult play to stage, and, I feel, needs the distance and space of a larger theater than the Repertory Company's. But then who else in the City would even dare to mount a play as challenging as this one? Michelle Truffaut and all concerned are therefore to be commended and wished better success next time.

Ray P. Comeau

ingher a serious song or two to break up the routine and add some substance to what is otherwise a pretty good act.

Opening the program, the one and only Rosie Radiator, that San Francisco landmark, holding the all-time long-distance record for guerilla tap-dancing (down Market Street). Backed by the Pushrods and cute and chubby Sister San Andreas, Rosie simply tries too hard. Fact is, tap-dancing's fun, but a bore. And are they funny? No. They enjoy themselves, though. Maybe that's enough.

Ray P. Comeau

Gay Radio & TV

GAY RADIO

KFRC's "Out of the Closet" program features an interview with Tom Robinson, musician and composer, on June 20 at 10:30pm. Tom Robinson discusses Gay politics in the United States and England with the show's host Zohn Artman of Bill Graham Presents. The British-based Tom Robinson Band (Capitol Records) is known for their extremely effective music and aggressively political lyrics displayed in songs such as "Power in the Darkness" and "Glad to be Gay."

"Out of the Closet," a new Gay-oriented program, premiered in March on KFRC. The half-hour program is broadcast on KFRC every third Sunday at 10:30pm.

GAY TV

On Friday night at 10:00 "Gay News & Views" continues on Channel 26. The Steven Mathews Production is a Gay show by and for Gays. Every other Friday night's "News & Views" is a live show.

Auditions for Musical

Robert Michael Productions presents Michelle starring in the ALL MALE CAST production of HELLO, DOLLY opening October 20 at Japan Center Theatre. This marks Michelle's 25th Anniversary celebration.

Auditions will be held at The Shed on Market Street on Saturday, June 16, from 10AM to 2PM; on Sunday, June 17, from Noon to 7PM and on Monday, June 18, from 7PM to 11PM.

All auditionees must be prepared to sing, dance and read. Bring your own sheet music — one up tempo, one ballad.

Auditionees for female roles must bring heels for dancing audition. It is advised that pictures be presented if auditioning for female role, if not, you should appear in female attire and makeup.

Auditions will be held for 10 lead roles, 20 male chorus and 15 female chorus. Producer is Chuck Largent; Director, Chuck Zinn; Choreographer, Doug Marglin; Musical Director, Jon Sims.

This production, scheduled to run for 12 performances, is an all male, all Gay cast. It is non-equity and non-paying. This is the first attempt to bring back all male theater to the city and is expected to discover a stellar group of new and younger performers, not yet seen in a San Francisco performance.

Rehearsals will begin on July 15. The role of Dolly Levi is precast with Michelle.

Gay Musical Celebration at Grace Cathedral

On Friday, June 22, at 8:00 in the evening, the combined forces of the San Francisco Gay Freedom Day Marching Band and the San Francisco Gay Men's Chorus will present a concert celebration as part of the 1979 Gay Pride Week. The concert will feature highlights from the first season of the musical groups, as well as the accompaniment of the Great Organ of Grace Cathedral.

The evening will be a benefit for the musical groups, the Gay Freedom Day Parade Committee, the Harvey Milk United Fund, and the Harvey Milk debt. Tickets are available only at BASS ticket outlets for a "donation" of \$5, plus the 75-cent BASS service charge.

Lamplighters Set Rare Gilbert & Sullivan

For the first time in their 27 years of performing Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. The Lamplighters will stage UTOPIA (LIMITED) at the Presentation Theater, Turk near Masonic, opening Saturday, June 16, at 8:30pm. Performances will continue Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 through July 21, with Sunday matinees July 1, 15 and 22 at 2:30.

UTOPIA (LIMITED) or "The Flowers of Progress" is rarely performed here and in England and is Gilbert and Sullivan's next-to-last collaboration, marking the reconciliation of the celebrated partners after the three-year silence following their estrangement over a trivial argument about a carpet. In this work, Gilbert lampoons every aspect of British government and society, and he created 18 solo roles — more than for any of their other operettas.

Tickets are available at the Lamplighters Box Office (752-7755) and the Downtown Center Box Office.

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... THE PAIR COULD ALMOST
BREAK A CAMEL'S BACK

The best thing about The Unicorn Stage Company's second local production, a bill of two one-acts, is that the group is certainly dedicated. It takes an extreme devotion to theater to perform in as gloomy and unappetizing a setting as the huge, vaulted-ceilinged, peeling-walled auditorium in the building at 141 Leavenworth that now serves as part of the City's mental health network of facilities.

Since both plays — THE LAST STRAW by Charles Dzenzo and SEXUAL PERVERSITY IN CHICAGO by David Mamet — touch on homosexuality in their dialogue only in what I would deem a rather negative sense, I'll bypass commentary here except to say that I can't understand Chicago's fascination with SEXUAL PERVERSITY (it's enjoying a long run there). But then, I've never understood Chicago.

While well performed for the most part by an enthusiastic set of casts, Unicorn's production also suffers from other problems — cluttered sets, uneven lighting, and, most unfortunate of all, a deplorable lack of vigor in the staging pace of PERVERSITY whose series of short scenes stitched into a vapid but sometimes "cute"

story line must be played at breakneck velocity (that is, without long blackouts) to have any effect at all.

I'd like to see Unicorn move into a more suitably intimate and more reasonably accessible space. I'd like to see director Kevin Wm. Meyer (who brings good things out of the actors) give free rein to his imagination rather than relying so firmly on old-hat theatrical textbook gimmickry in his staging. I'd also like to see a more tolerable choice of material utilized, one that doesn't reinforce outdated concepts of homosexuality as "bad, bad."

Why would I like to see these things? Because Unicorn's performers deserve them. They are, all in all, a charming and able group (with special praise here for Tom Johnson's "Anthony" in THE LAST STRAW).

I hope to report better things about this theater company (recently arrived, God be praised, from Miami) in the future. As for this show, I'm sorry to say: forget it.

Ray P. Comeau

GGBA Band Fundraiser Nets \$800

More than \$800 was raised for the San Francisco Gay Freedom Day Marching Band and Twirling Corps through a "Big Band Cruise" benefit sponsored by the Golden Gate Business Association. About 200 members of GGBA and their guests enjoyed a 3-hour bay cruise on Sunday afternoon, May 20. Featured were the big band sounds of the Marching Band's Varsity Drag ensemble and vocalist Rick Eastman. A catered buffet luncheon and swing dancing added to the enjoyment of the event.

Band Posters

Two limited edition commemorative posters have been commissioned to benefit the San Francisco Gay Freedom Day Marching Band and Twirling Corps, the Men's Chorus and the Lesbian Chorus.

A special preview and reception is scheduled Sunday, June 10, from 4:00 to 8:00pm in the Green Room of the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art (Van Ness & McAllister).

The posters will be available for purchase.



THE HEAT IN THE STREET IS TOO STEADY, a Gay play with music, opens June 14 at the Victoria Theatre (16th & Mission). Gail Lelyveld and Ron Simonian are two of the cast. (Photo by Savage Photography)

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Stage: Hedda Gabler

IBSEN'S CLASSIC OFF THE TRACK

HEDDA GABLER is easily Henrik Ibsen's most complex and intriguing character study. The play, while perhaps not Ibsen's best, is certainly his most popular through the years.

Well-performed, HEDDA GABLER tantalizes and mesmerizes. Poorly done, it can become agonizing soap opera. The San Francisco Actors Ensemble production falls somewhere in between.

To succeed, the play requires deft guidance and keen motivational insight on the part of the director. The Ensemble's Stefani Priest seems not to have had an altogether reasonable idea of what the play is about at all. Most of the vital undercurrents of the various relationships are missing.

For example, the key char-

acter is actually Judge Brack whose relationship with Hedda is ominously sexual and tinged with evil, playful blackmail. None of this comes through in this production.

As Hedda, Elizabeth Keller seems definitely out of her depth. Ms. Keller, a pleasant enough actress with commendable stage presence, is just not Hedda Gabler.

Judge Brack, as the name implies, is an oily charlatan best underplayed — George Saunders at his wicked best. In this role, Paul Gennion is woefully miscast. Gennion, a handsome, blockish figure of a man, looks as though he'd be more at home in Folsom Street leather than in end-of-the-century formal mourning drag. His performance is equally wooden.

There are some saving graces. Roberta Callahan, a nervous red-haired bird of a woman, is quite near perfect as Mrs. Elvsted. Attractively trumpet-voiced and with big, big eyes (that shed real tears on cue) and lovely fussy little

gestures, Callahan adds substantially to the proceedings, though she should cut down the hysteria.

Other than Ms. Callahan, Richard Weston as Dr. Tesman, properly distracted, fuzzy and cloying, is the perfect dumpy intellectual bore. As contrasted with Ms. Keller's Hedda, it's strange to see Tesman come out as the deepest and most sympathetic character rather than the most shallow (Ibsen's intention).

This commentary is qualified by the fact that what I saw was an early preview of the production. Maybe it will all tighten up as it goes along, though I seriously doubt that, as far off the track as it was, it will get one heck of a lot better without some drastic alterations in terms of the characters' multifaceted motivations.

HEDDA GABLER plays through June 17 at Actors Ensemble, 2940 16th Street. Call 861-9015 for information and reservations.

Ray P. Comeau

Theatre Guild of San Francisco at the impressively appointed Victoria Theatre at 2961 16th Street in a production made possible by a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, the play takes on some unexpected dimension.

Directed and designed by Richard S. Bailey, with first-class lighting by Thomas Stoker, superior sound work by Patrick Corson and recording engineer Bruce Falkenstein, and grandly performed by Gerald Hurley as Krapp, Beckett's tedious and self-indulgent little stupidity has a special kind of intrigue for anyone patient enough to sit through its pasty pessimism. Mercifully, it's short.

Enough said.

Ray P. Comeau

Club: Samantha Samuels AT 'THE CITY'

It's a shame that you will be reading this after Samantha Samuels will have completed her engagement at The City. After sweeping New York (at virtually every nitery worth playing), the slinky and beguiling chanteuse came to the city last week to conquer San Francisco audiences. Opening her act of torchy ballads and plaintive blues was singer Jim Reiter of "Beach Blanket Babylon Goes Bananas" fame.

One of the last numbers Sam — as she is called — does is a jazzy interpretation of Gloria Gaynor's hit "I Will Survive." There's no disco beat here, and for many that is refreshing. For others hooked into the dance beat, the song sounds completely foreign. But Sam communicates, and with a good set of lyrics she lets you know how it is in a "three o'clock in the morning, nobody's around but you and me" style. Much of her show that precedes "I Will Survive" carries the same love-and-life theme. And if the material she has to work with sometimes doesn't work, she does. Putting us right at ease, Sam opens with "I Was A Fool to Let You Go," and then drifts off stage to let Jim Reiter perform his half a dozen forgettable songs. A basically likely chap with a pleasing voice, Reiter never really seems to be comfortable alone on stage. He just stands there — and sings. There is no feeling or soul attached. Here's a talent that works wonderfully in a book show but who is totally without direction on a cabaret stage.

But soon enough Sam is back on stage to enchant us with her toothsome smile and her sultry demeanor. Backing her up is a tight trio (Peter Fish on piano, Eric Engstrom on drums, and John Donnelly on bass) which occasionally played too loud. That didn't stop this singer — she just belted them out above the blare.

Sam's on the rise. All she

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A portion of your purchase will fund the continuing operation of **We Are Family** — a nonprofit coalition of

individuals and organizations committed to significant fund raising for a variety of causes in the Gay community. For more information call 346-9423, San Francisco.

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needs now is better material. Some of it is embarrassingly unsuitable, while other selections are just plain humdrum. A particular bit obviously thrown in for Gay appeal (a "Wizard of Oz" impression) falls totally flat. Fortunately, the song that follows is a knockout — "Home" from THE WIZ.

Comparisons can be made — that Sam is like Jane Olivor, that she has Piaf-like qualities, that she follows in the traditions of Lena Horne or Peggy Lee. I see only one comparison. Samantha Samuels is going to be just like them — a star. Remember, S.F. — you read it here first.

young dancer, Orlando Salgado, as a pubescent Don Jose.

The program also included two hilarious numbers, PASO A TRES makes madness of the usual ballet cliches. Aurora Bosch, Josefina Mendez, and a very hot black man, Andres Williams, made a mishmash of standard ballet fare with great delight. In DOLLS, Caridad Martinez and Francisco Salgado had a comic, yet poignant duet demonstrating the emotions of dolls who come to life and try to overcome their loneliness.

As stunning as Alonso was onstage, her dancing was less impressive than her performances in front of a microphone at a press conference prior to opening night. For many years Alonso has been a passionate and determined spokeswoman for the arts. She has managed to twist the arm of two governments to support her company. She has created a thirst for the arts in a country devoted to industrial revolution. Alonso has also manipulated the Communist system to her own advantage. When asked a question about government intervention in dictating standards for the arts in Cuba, Alonso was not about to be sandbagged. "We have complete freedom for our choreographers, dancers and musicians. But there is one government restriction," she grinned with a steely ferocity. "Every time the curtain goes up, we MUST do our best. That is the only restriction."

In the meantime, the Cuban government completely foots the bill for ballet schooling five days a week for those children chosen for a ballet career. The growth of an annual international dance festival in Cuba is a source of great pride to Alonso. However, she bemoaned the fact that other Latin American countries had not yet even started to develop their cultural resources, but expressed hope that the achievements of the Ballet Nacional de Cuba would act as an inspiration to other Latin nations.

others have for quitting, I can't say. They have never told me why they quit." The rest of the press conference centered on the arts as a means of establishing a bridge between nations, and the need for people to reach out to the arts for satisfaction as they try to cope with an environment which becomes more mechanical and industrialized.

As a dancer, Alonso is still a wonder; a testament to personal strength, bravery, and the human desire to conquer a crippling disability. As a passionate lobbyist for the arts, she can still manage to smile and admit that the Cuban missile crisis made it very hard for her company to obtain toe shoes during the days of the block-

Dance:

CUBA, SI!!! YANQUI???

CUBAN BALLET TRIUMPHS IN BERKELEY

Living legends don't show up in town every day. So it was with great interest that I attended the Ballet Nacional de Cuba, headed by Alicia Alonso. Alonso is a wonder of modern times; a living statement to Sondheim's song "I'm Still Here." She is now 58, has fought blindness most of her career, has survived the Batista dictatorship, the Communist revolution in Cuba, and numerous eye surgeries. In the process she has performed a major miracle. While fighting tremendous visual handicaps, the lady has single-handedly raised the arts consciousness of an entire nation and forced her government to provide complete subsidy of the arts. Alonso has cut through the Latin machismo ethic to recruit young people for ballet. There are now as many boys as girls starting out at eight years of age to become dancers in Cuba. She has trained a school of dancers to perform with a security and technique that would be the pride of any ballet company. And, miraculously, the woman herself is still very much active onstage.

Unfortunately, the Cuban Ballet lost a fortune on their

Bay Area engagement. They were booked into the Berkeley Community Theatre. The gas scare was on, the sun was out, and people didn't rush to Berkeley to catch the show. They missed some stunning dance. The opening night, GISELLE was breathtaking. This is one of Alonso's signature roles, danced with nearly the same grace and limpid phrasing she was noted for 30 years ago. She was ably partnered by Jorge Esquivel as Albrecht. While the first act was standard pantomime, the second act was a complete knockout. Here was a corps de ballet trained to perfection and dancing with stunning beauty. Alonso triumphed again, leaving the audience drained by the poetry of her dancing.

Her CARMEN at the end of the week was a lusty old wench, wise in the groin, and danced with legs of steely determination and long nights of experience. Her curtain calls were as much a show, giving fever and fire to the audience, with much carrying on. The woman earned every moment of it. She was lustily matched by Esquivel as the toreador Escamillo, and an exciting

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ade. But she is a lady to be admired for her fierce determination and astounding accomplishments in getting her government to subsidize the arts.

And where does that leave the U.S. in comparison? Our budget gives a trifle to the National Endowment for the Arts compared to the Pentagon's cut of the pie. In the words of Robert Frost, the U.S. has "miles to go before we sleep. And miles to go before we sleep." Brava, Alonso!!!

George Heymont

'We Are Family' Set As CHRA Benefit

California Human Rights Advocates, the Gay lobby in dire need of money if it is to survive, will benefit from a buffet/disco fundraiser Tuesday, June 12, being jointly sponsored by ten Bay Area organizations.

"We Are Family" is the theme of the evening-long party to begin at 7:00pm at the I-Beam discotheque, 1748 Haight Street, S.F. Advance "We Are Family" t-shirt sales and various door prizes to be offered the night of June 12 have been announced as promotional items for the event. Tickets, selling for \$10 per person, are available at various retail outlets and businesses.

The ten organizations which are co-sponsors are the Alice B. Toklas Democratic Club, the Harvey Milk Gay Democratic Club, the Sentinel, the Bay Area Reporter, the Double Eagle Court of Emperor Bob Ross, Bay Area Physicians for Human Rights (BAPHR), the Golden Gate Business Association (GGBA), the San Francisco Feminist Democratic Club, the Third World Gay Caucus, and CHRA.

For further information call (daytime) Cynthia Neff at 626-9268, Bill Bradley at 621-3057 or Steve Walters at 494-2511; and (evenings) Dorothy Langston at 928-5768.

Original Gay Musical

THE HEAT IN THE STREET IS TOO STEADY, an original play written by Francis Kibler and directed by Frederick P. Herzog opens at the 16th St. Victoria Theatre (off Mission) on June 14 and runs through June 30.

The play is a contemporary interpretation of the Beggar's Opera by John Gay with the exception of the use of an entire Gay cast and crew. The entire production examines current attitudes, both interpersonal and political, within the San Francisco Gay community.

Tickets may be obtained at the box office on the performance dates or at the following outlets: Headlines, All American Boy, Haight Jeans and Hot Flash. Tickets are \$4 general admission. For more information, phone 681-5441.

Sweet Lips Sez

9th Hanging

by Dick Walters



The "White Swallowettes" - Gary, Daryl and Stark.

Congrats to the Gilmore's Gripmen for having new won 7 straight games in the G.S.L. Not only that, but the 4th place winner in Les Balmain's Great Tricycle Race was the Gilmore's team with Carol Martin and Mark Ferris - good going, gang!

Barbra Ball has finally gotten her Beauty license. Now you are together forever, Ollie. Barbra, do you think you could do anything to improve Greta now?

That nice guy, Scotty, is still on the plank at the Pendulum nights. If you haven't been out to the Pendulum lately, do so, as they have an interesting bunch of guys.

The White Swallow opens on Saturdays and Sundays at 6 AM featuring 50-cent Bloody Mary's. Occasionally on Saturdays you can find the owner, Jim, behind the bar - that is if they can wake him up on time, right Russ?

Understand the one and only Dixon - Polk Street Sally of the "P.S." - is coming out of retirement and doing a column (?) about the trip to Portland. I am sure that you will have a lot to write about, Sally, what with the group that is going on this one; right, Lottie Leese and Willis?

Remember: G.S.L. Double Header at Kezar Stadium on Saturday, June 23, from 11am on - the Gay Stars vs. the San Francisco Fire Dept. Tickets are only \$2 and give you a chance on a vacation to Hawaii. This is a worthwhile benefit, so do try to attend. You are doing a good job, Commissioner Tony Nemger.

Yes, "Nooch" is back on the plank at Gordon's at 118 Jones Street after a long, well-deserved 2-week vacation. Dick and Gordon serve some of the best meals in this town and always with a congenial group of employees to serve you.

How do you like the picture of the bartenders at the White

Swallow? They are Gary, Daryl and Stark and are known as "The White Swallowettes."

Michelle is again the MC at the annual Beaux Arts Ball at Civic Auditorium this October. The theme is "San Francisco, Then and Now" and Bob Cramer is chairperson of this great event. So start putting on your thinking caps.

Father's Day, June 17, is the annual Tavern Guild Picnic; and Chris Granger of the Yacht Club certainly has it all together. So don't miss this fun-filled day. Tickets and buses are available at most Tavern Guild bars - including Roger Hall's Gangway. Daddy Joe Roland of Queen Mary's Pub is sold out, as is Luscious Lorelei of the N'Touch. We have a few seats left at Gilmore's. You will be sorry if you miss this event.

Would you believe Bob Patterson and Don (Ginger's) Rogers living in the same apartment building on Nob Hill? Yes, it is true! Nice to have you in the neighborhood, Don. Bob is at "Kitty's of the Caravan Lodge" and should have the kitchen in full swing as of this printing. So drop by and say hi.

Orontes on Larkin and Turk serves great lunches and dinners daily. Besides, you'll meet some interesting people there in a very nice Art Deco atmosphere.

Bobby Pace of the Twin Peaks must be serious this time. Matching diamond rings must mean something. Good for you, bobby, after all those terrible years of you know who. And I don't mean Madam La Farge, Nemger.

Hans of the Cinch must be ill. He GAVE me four t-shirts to give to people in Portland. Guess you aren't as bad as your employees say, Hans.

Suzie of the Gangway, heard your "Southern Gentlemen" party last Sunday was a real blast. You certainly came up with some wild, wild ideas. Keep up the good work.

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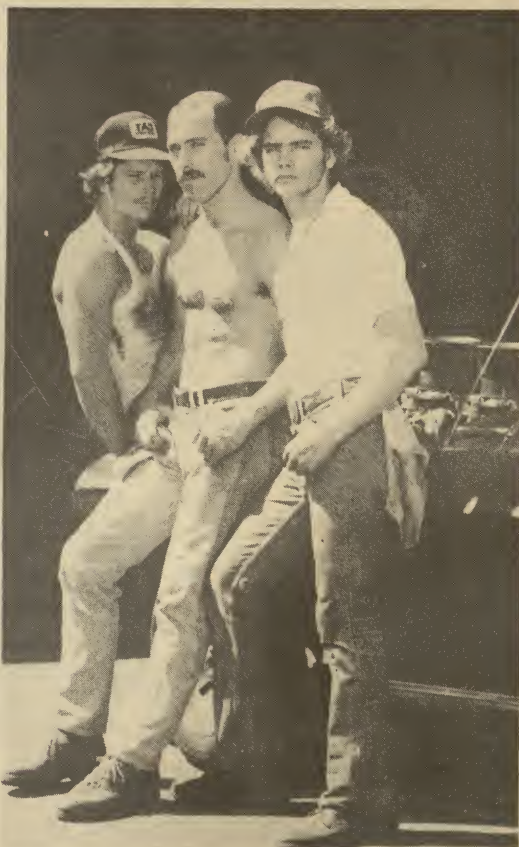
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written and directed by
MARK AARON

Tacky Ruth of the Stallion: Did you get to see Madam Leslie when she was here last week? Didn't recognize her with the mustache and the Afro hairdo. But she was glad to be home here for a few days.

The next Tavern Guild meeting is at the Corner Outlook, 16th & Market Streets, on Tuesday, June 12, at 1:00pm. This is the meeting we begin nominating people to run for the upcoming five vacancies on the Board of Directors of Tavern Guild. Participation is the keyword. So come on out for this meeting.

Thank you, Jim Dar Gavel, for all the help on putting together the trip to Portland. Guess we will all need a vacation upon our return.

Ginger, our Empress, will be having a TWO-night Coronation next year. The first night at California Hall and the second evening at Glide Church for the actual crowning of the new Empress. A nice plan you have submitted, Ginger. The Tavern Guild now has a new office at 1550 California Street which is a great central location.

Sweet Lips

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Gay Entertainers to Appear

Charley Murphy and Chris Tanner, Gay activist singers, songwriters and Folkways recording artists (Walls to Roses, Songs of Changing Men), will be appearing in concert at Dove Hall (the new Women's Building), 3543 18th Street, on Friday, June 15, at 8:30pm.

According to their press agent, "Charley Murphy shares music that is touchingly personal and strongly political underscored by guitar, harmonica, and a developed, clear voice. His songs give light to people collectively working for liberation, now. His concerts, often evoking spirited group singing, are an experience of affirmation, joy and challenge."

Their publicist continued, "Chris Tanner's strong, sensitive voice and piano help express and highlight his songs of sissyness, the oppression of Gay people, women, and people of color. Having worked the last 5½ years with Portland's Family Circus Theatre Collective (a touring theater and music troupe), Chris now focuses his attention on his music and the persevering/developing of Gay culture."

Chris Tanner and Charley Murphy invite all to share this evening of Gay culture. Tickets may be purchased in advance for \$3 at Cody's Bookstore in Berkeley and Modern Times Bookstore or Bound Together Books in San Francisco. Tickets will be \$3.50 the night of the concert.

New Disco Opens

Studio West, the Gay community's much-talked about new disco, opened Thursday, May 31.

By 8:30 lines had begun to form along Front and Vallejo. The Gay Freedom Day Marching Band and Twirling Corps was on hand to entertain the ever-growing crowd. Under the baton of Jon Sims, the 75 members of the band gave an hour's concert.

The work crews and the last truck drove off minutes before the doors opened to the expectant new members and guests.

The club's management had no idea such numbers would turn up en masse and had a hard time coping issuing the necessary membership cards. Hundreds had sent in the required \$5 membership fee and their applications had to be processed on the spot.

As a private club, Studio West can operate only with members — both permanent and temporary. The club is open from 9:00 PM to 5:00 AM.

The chilly night air didn't



Memorial Day weekend once again witnessed the Great Tricycle Race at the Mint. (Photo by Rink)

make the wait any easier. Balloons were passed out and later the management sent out refreshments. At 11:30 the line was still a block long. Club owner Frank Cashman expressed apologies for whom ever were inconvenienced but hoped those who drifted away would return another night. He said, "It was a cross between opening night jitters and the sheer numbers we didn't expect"

According to some "discoholics" the dance floor could have been a bit larger, but the music was first-rate. The club had assembled a staff of close to 40 and taken on some of the city's top DJ's.

Studio West is housed in a red brick Barbary Coast building two blocks off the Embarcadero. The interior had been completely redesigned, highlighting the vintage Victorian structure. The club boasts two dance floors and the sound is so controlled that it is contained within the dancing areas and does not flood the premises. Hence, one can carry on a nor-

mal conversation at the bar, in the spacious open areas, and the colorful banquettes which line the walls.

A mezzanine extends the length of one side of the disco, from where one can watch the dancers and the crowds below.

One of the main attractions of Studio West is the ample parking, a rarity in the North Beach/Broadway area.

Texas Gay Parade

HOUSTON

After extensive negotiations between Houston's Gay Pride Week leaders and Houston's Police Department, an agreement has been reached on scheduling the city's first Gay parade in the Gay neighborhoods. A two-mile route has been selected and some 50 units and 500 people will be permitted to march along Westheimer Street.



The front entrance of the new disco, Studio West (Vallejo & Front Streets), at one point in its month-long renovation. (Photo by Tony Plewik)

BOB'S BAZAAR

X-RATED/BAY AREA REPORTER SUPPLEMENT

Mr. Marcus

Quo Vadis

Southern Scandals

What's in a number? Well, if the number is 1369 and it's on Folsom Street, I don't think I have to go into detail about the "private" happenings of the Folsom Street Club aka the Corn Holes. The two-story pleasure palace has been attracting some of the city's lustiest hunks for esoteric fun and games, and if you're into pastoral trips, the outdoor patio (barn and all) help make some of those bucolic fantasies come true. The Corn Holes, besides providing the best in mood music, also offers free beer from 4 PM on every Sunday and coming up soon, some films that will sizzle their way right into your libido from the best studios in existence. That "untouchable" dude you've been cruising for months is probably a member, so join the fun and perhaps you'll meet him there doing his best/worst. Some of this community's most durable marriages have come out of gross encounters of the lewd kind in some pleasure palace!

★ ★ ★

MIGHTY MOUTH ROARS

Patrons of the 21st Street Baths last Saturday night were taken aback to observe a spaced-out queen marching around the halls with a stalk of some 50-odd bananas. Approaching a room occupied by a real Hump, the queen asked: "Want one of my bananas?" to which the Hump inquired: "What brand are they?" Queen: "I think they're Chiquita Bananas." Loud slamming of door. Loud clicking of lock. Loud sobbing of Queen. Irrate gasping of Hump. Loud guffawing by MRS. Leather International in the next room . . . The next day (Sunday) at BEAR HOLLOW, brunch-o-maniacs were stunned when some 30 women marched in, sat down, and promptly removed their T-shirts revealing 60 boobs (all healthy) in varying degrees of circumference, sagginess, elongation, and flatness, much to the chagrin of the gasping male waiter. One irate dude who couldn't handle all that pulchritude fled the premises muttering something about the management changing the bar's name to BARE



Club San Francisco bath employees pour wine for the guests at the 1st Anniversary party of the Club SF. (Photo by Rink)

HOLLOW . . .

In case you were around a few years ago and missed seeing Michelle in HELLO DOLLY at the Village, you'll be happy to learn that the production has been revived, this time with a \$50,000 budget, and will be staged at the Kabuki in Japantown for a limited number of performances. Watch for the bally-hoo accompanying the ticket sales . . . Speaking of show biz, the WILD WEST ROUND UP in Hayward last Saturday night was well attended and the hit of the evening (besides the election of Steve Childers as Gay Sheriff II) was the Hayward Kockettes. A sleazier-looking group you've never seen, but their routines and material are priceless. I'm sure someone in SFO will jump

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at the chance to use them in a show (are you reading this, Flame?); after all, remember darlings, SYLVESTER got HIS start with the SF Cockettes . . . I've been asked to comment on the Gay riots, but the only think I didn't like about the whole scene is that some enterprising queen went down to what was left of City Hall the next day and registered the titles, KING & QUEEN OF THE RIOTS, thus beating out H.L. Perry, Melvina, Shirley III, Michael Maletta and Conceptual Entertainment for a money-maker

for next year. . .

Since no one has been able to dethrone Chuck With the Rimless Glasses as Golden Shower Queen for five years in a row since I created the Golden Dildeaux Awards, the new owner graciously retired that category and gave it to Chuck for Life. Dear Chuck, I stand in awwwwww at this decision because now you will not have to sweat out the annual voting and I hope everything goes down smoothly for you . . . And Bob Cramer, Emperor III AFTER Norton, is not amused to hear the rumor that he is running for Supervisor in District 5. Bob doesn't even live in that district and is one of Harry Britt's chief supporters for re-election. Besides, if YOU were the chairman for this year's Beaux Arts Ball, you wouldn't have time to fun for ANYTHING except your committee members . . . The list of candidates for Supervisor in the 5th District is beginning to look like the roster for the Bay-to-Breakers Race, but that's another story.

BEULAH BLABBADINA LIVES. . .

One of the city's most well-liked bar owners, Kimo Cochran, is showing off his newly-remodeled upstairs after the fire and the crowds never let up; Kimo's plans for remodeling didn't end there, however. He has acquired the two buildings next door on Polk and the other building

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next door on Pine and those will be converted into a disco and show lounge with top flight entertainment for your pleasure. I wouldn't miss it for all the leis in Hawaii. . .

By the time you read this, the Ambush (SF's mellowest bar) will be staging their fourth annual run into the northern part of the state; business is so good at the Ambush, they have purchased the BANK CLUB in Oakland. I don't need to tell you what mellifluous changes will take place there, do I? . . . Believe it or not, dudes, the SMACK Awards (South of Market Achievement, Camp & Commendation) WILL take place this year after all, so keep your eyes peeled for nominations. They ARE registered at City Hall already and will outdo ALL other awards programs . . . Febe's, the granddaddy of leather bars on Folsom, making BIG plans for their next anniversary. Hi, Darryl . . . Have you checked out the RAM-ROD'S new decor? Shame on you if you haven't . . . The BRIG continues to be THE leather bar in San Francisco with hordes of bikes parked out front every night and the place so full of leather it just squeaks; the uniform aficionados in



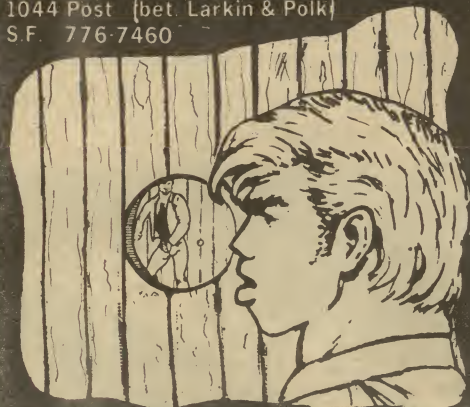
Trying out the sound and lights at San Francisco's newest disco, Studio West. (Photo by Tony Plewik)

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town have found a home too, and the TRENCH (uncut club & all) is doing quite nicely, thank you . . . Ken Cook of the World Famous Black & Blue is smiling a lot these days too; the flock is returning to that great bar, and he has Mr. Leather International (David Kloss) behind the plank as his "star" bartender — what else could you ask for in The City That Knows How? . . . My apologies to Lee Machado of the PUMP ROOM for erroneously stating his next extravaganza will be the body-building Mr. California Contest. In actuality, it will be the Mr. San Francisco Contest in September, so be on the lookout for tickets. Don't forget the Annual Closet Ball on Saturday, June 16, followed the next day by the Tavern Guild Picnic — that should keep you ALL mighty busy. . .

The world's first GAY savings & loan is closer than you think and will become a reality very soon. Atlas Savings & Loan have received their Charter from the State of California and their incorporation papers, so it won't be long before you can deposit your tokens with "understanding"

UNCUT MEN WANTED AT THE TRENCH Tuesday Nites

bankers . . . You must check out the latest cinematic shocker, ALIEN, currently being screened at the North Point — it will really scramble your brains . . . Still the best team of bartenders in the Castro — that's Dean Davis and Johnny Erickson — poetry in motion, at the BADLANDS, natchery . . . Well, Frank Cashman's STUDIO WEST opened last Thursday night at Front & Vallejo off the Embarcadero and the crushing mob laid waste to the best laid plans of a glittering opening; although some seven or eight door attendants tried to process the new members and guests (at \$5 a crack), ataxia was rampant. Cashman's crew did

a splendid job of renovating a musty old warehouse and the bar itself keeps some 10 bartenders slinging the booze without let-up. The usual array of fans, sequins, glitter and frill were on hand to inaugurate the 1-story dance palace and a balcony for observers. Mirrors, banquettes and lights predominate, and you should check it out. In spite of its out-of-the-way location, STUDIO WEST should do well. It's slightly smaller than TROCADERO TRANSFER, but bigger than the other discos in town. . .

★ ★ ★

That winds it up for another issue, dudes. Remember, stay dude-ly and humpy, and the new word among the cognoscenti is — Stroke, don't poke! See you all around the campus — South of Market — of course.

MISTER MARCUS

Erotic Art

Fallen Angels at the Fey Way

by Karr

You'll immediately get the spirit when you enter the Fey-Way Gallery and behold a two-foot soft sculpture phallus mounted majestically on a black velvet dais. Priapus is not just King here, but will be worshipped as a Diety. And the paintings of Mark Kadota are emphatically devout and ecstatically celebratory.

The first thing noticed in these paintings are the cocks. Not merely cocks of fantasy, these are the cocks William Burroughs dreams about. Thick and smooth. Hard as onyx, full-rimmed and broad-headed, they command the eye, enslave our glance. Escaping the spell of this god is difficult, but pulling back from them will not end the fantasy. Here is where the dream actually begins.

Our perspective broadens rapidly as entire paintings come into focus, and we leave this world in a sudden second. These worshipful members adorn the bodies of angels and Indians, Martians and animals, men with the heads of hawks. They inhabit the gleaming outer space of star clusters, and the blackest void of infinity. They soar through space and are rooted to earth, these human-animals, these dark archangels, who know only the demand of sexuality. Yes, there are also people seen here, caught during the flush of orgasm, their familiarity as people momentarily transfigured.

These incredible paintings are the work of Mark Kadota, an artist whose ceramics and non-sexual paintings have been shown and decorated with prizes for some years now. His erotic art work is of very recent vintage and owes a lot to the Fey-Way itself. The Gallery's success with artists dedi-

cated to explicitly Gay subject matter has spoken to Gay artists whose work was not specifically Gay. Mark Kadota is among the first of those previously established artists to take advantage of this outlet and express his sexuality in works of great strength and for ranging inspiration.

Mark's biography explains the exotic underpinnings of his visuals, for he has studied and lived in many unusual locales. His education has been informal and self-taught, relying mainly on his experience and self-determination. He lived in Europe and North Africa, working with artists and absorbing museums. Back in this country, he stayed on a Hopi reservation and then moved to Hawaii, where he not only learned ancient Hula, but performed with a dance troupe. He also learned chanting, weaving, costuming and construction of traditional Hawaiian musical instruments. His next moves took him to Japan and Korea, where he stayed with sculptors, painters, and potters.

This melange of artistic and cultural influence is immediately apparent in his paintings, although all have been assimilated and expressed in a brilliantly clear and unified style. Mark works with fabric dyes applied with an airbrush, a technique which lends his dreams the concrete reality of photographs.

The reality of these paintings is attested to by the following entry in the Fey-Way guest ledger: "I always wanted to get fucked by a bald eagle, with that sound of wings in the sky, giving me the feeling I fly." This near-anonymous entry was signed by Peter, whose fantasies were given life by Mark's paintings.

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Sports

Gay Extravaganza

Mark Brown

JUNE 23

San Francisco's Gay Softball League, in conjunction with Gay Freedom Week activities, will put on a day-long musical-sports extravaganza Saturday prior to our world-renowned Gay Freedom Day Parade. Kezar Stadium will be the place. The gates open at 10AM

with events continuing until 6PM.

The day's sports activities will start with the G.S.L. All-Stars (picked by the team managers) taking on the Los Angeles Gay All-Stars at 11AM. At 2PM the G.S.L. All-Stars will play San Francisco's Fire Department's excellent softball team in the



(L. to R.) Battalion Chief John Sherratt; Tony Nemger, GSL Commissioner; Pat Grace, game chairman; Fire Chief Andy Casper. The Chief buys the first ticket for the GSL vs. Fire Dept. game at Kezar Stadium June 23. (Photo by William Ouyang)

proceeds going to the Gay Freedom Day Marching Band and Twirling Corps. Bridge starts at 9:30am with a brunch to follow later.

Mark Brown

C.S.L. STANDINGS (Week Ending June 2 & 3)

DIVISION A

	W L
Rainbow Cattle Co.	5 1
Sutter's Mill	4 2
Park Bowl	3 2
White Swallow	1 4

DIVISION B

	W L
The Village	6 0
Oil Can Harry's	3 1
The Mint	3 2
The Ambush	2 2
Sacramento	2 3

DIVISION C

	W L
The Tenderloin	4 0
Buzzby's	3 2
The Cinch	1 4
Golda's	1 4

* All forfeits will continue from The Web and Dave's Baths as they would have been played.

PREVIOUS WEEK'S SCORES

The Village	14
Oil Can Harry's	6
Rainbow Cattle Co.	4
Sutter's Mill	3
Park Bowl	9
The Mint	1
Tenderloin	8
The Ambush	6
White Swallow	17
Golda's	11
Sacramento	7
The Web (forfeit)	0
Buzzby's	7
Dave's Baths (forfeit)	0

lodger Soto, Statistician

Vagabond

Clinches 'C' —

The Vagabond clinched Division C by downing the San Jose Nuggets 10-9 (Ricky-Tick the last inning hero) and the Nothing Special 18-3. Eagle Creek took over second place by blitzing the Heart's Delight 20-0, while Urban Country fell to Deluxe 11-1. Terry Brooks and Peter Jaremkow powered Allie's past The Rookies 24-10 (The Rookies-This Side Up are in contention with the revitalized Phone Booth for the probable last playoff spot).

First place in Division B is still an exciting contest between Gilmore's and Deluxe (the game of the week this Sunday, June 10, 3PM, Jackson #1) both taking their games. Gilmore's 9 - Phone Booth 1, and Deluxe 11 - Urban Country 1. This coming Saturday,

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First Annual FLAME Game. S.F. Fire Chief Andy Casper will throw out the first pitch.

Music will be intermingled throughout — before, during, and after the two ball games. Organ music will be provided. Both the L.A. Gay Great American Yankee Freedom Band and San Francisco's fine Gay Freedom Day Marching Band will take part in the day's entertainment.

A country/western jamboree will follow the second game, lasting until 6PM. Many groups will be taking part — including White & Co., Raw Honey, Conan, Will Porter and the Stallion Banjo Band.

This musical-sports spectacular will take place Saturday, June 23, and is being staged as a benefit for the S.F. Fire Dept. youth program (FLAME). Tickets are \$2 in advance or \$3 at the gate. Your ticket is also good for a chance on a week in Hawaii for two and a 19-inch color television set.

GREAT TRICYCLE RACE

Thirty-three entries took part in the 8th Annual Mint Great Tricycle Race with Oil Can Harry's team of Chuck Savery

and Bruce Savery (cousins) taking the top honors and setting a new time record of 37 minutes — one minute faster than last year's record-breaker.

Fifteen hundred people were at the Civic Center to watch the start of the race, with two thousand at the Mint to observe the finish. Case de Cristal's crew of Tom Plagemann and Bobby Armitage came in second. Gus Torres and Scott Kendreck of Music Hall Disco took third place honors. The booby prize for coming in last was awarded to Laura's Lisa Briskie and Peggy Green.

The Nothing Special was a double winner, taking the Best Tricycle Decoration for the 7th year and the Best Costume Award for the 6th year. Ed Stark and John Forkey were the Special's bike team.

Les Balmain, chairman of this year's event, stated that the \$330 from entry fees went to the Harvey Milk Center.

BRIDGE

The Chuck Demmon monthly bridge tournament will be held this Saturday, June 9, at The Mint, 1942 Market St. The donation is \$8.50, with

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Gilmore's travels to San Jose to meet the Nuggets on their home turf. All American Boy clinched at least third place by passing The Bunkhouse 12-3. An "extra" game was added to this Sunday's schedule when the Fickle Fox will meet the Heart's Delight at 11AM at Jackson.

The Cafe Flore, barring a major upset, has clinched at least a tie for the Division A title when it halted The Fabulous Forties silver-streaked winning streak 12-10 in a tense, super-exciting game that brought the large crowd to its feet a dozen times at least. Though San Jose still has a good chance to tie Flore, the race is on for the next three spots. This is very important, since the playoff plan for the Wild Card position in the semi-finals is "seeded." Alfie's, The 'Forties and San Jose are all in this wild scramble.

See you at the FLAME Grandstand Jamboree and our much-earned Celebration next day!

Mac

T'ai Chi Workshop

An introductory workshop in T'ai Chi Ch'uan will be held Saturday morning, June 16, from 9:00-11:30am at the Women's Building, 3543 18th Street (near Valencia).

The workshop will consist of individual and group exercises for both men and women, with an emphasis on relaxation, centering, and body awareness. There will also be some demonstrations and practical applications of T'ai Chi.

B.A.R. Classifieds

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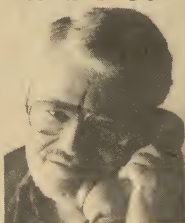
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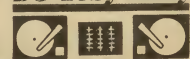


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